The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1932 No. 3508

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Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, $6.50; and to other foreign countries, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE BRITISH NOTE on the new German attitude on disarmament is sound and well-reasoned if smacking somewhat of the toplofty. The rebuke administered for their manners and methods in raising the issue at this time, the Germans have well deserved. Their threat to withdraw from the disarmament conference, in response to domestic political considerations, is indefensible save as a pandering to nationalist and jingo sentiment, while Von Papen, in giving orders to go ahead with the third pocket battleship, is playing not merely with fire but with dynamite. If the German Government persists in this attitude, it will not merely smash the disarmament conference; it will raise at once the question as to what action France and England will take to uphold the Versailles treaty. The weakness of their position is that they themselves have not disarmed, and, despite the brave words in the British note, there is not the slightest evidence that, with or without the presence of the Germans, there will be that genuine and far-reaching disarmament which Germany and the world have had the right to expect. There lies the most direct road out of the situation, and the most honorable one. But if the Allies will not now take it, there is no reason on earth why those Germans who happen to want greater armaments should not possess their souls in patience a few years longer. Nobody in Germany, and not the nation itself, is suffering in the least degree as a result of the nation's being disarmed—it is a situation, in fact, for which the people should be profoundly grateful. If the Berlin militarists go on and further defy the Allies, by, let us say, increasing their army and altering its character, they will deliberately invite forcible reprisals, alienate the good-will which has just practically forgiven German reparations, and risk a fresh war which can only have one outcome.

WITH THE GERMAN POLITICAL SCENE changing daily and kaleidoscopically, it is difficult to gauge at this distance the meaning of the various recent happenings. But the fact stands out that Germany is well along in its revolution, which began in July when Von Papen took charge of the government. The republic is now only a shell, and the Weimar Constitution is laid upon the shelf. Von Papen has had his way in proroguing the Reichstag, but has called for a new election on November 6—an election which nobody wants and everybody dreads, and which will surely be unproductive of a working Reichstag majority. Meanwhile, President von Hindenburg continues to be the real ruler of Germany with powers almost as autocratic as the Kaiser himself enjoyed. While the Hitlerites profess to be discontented, and joined with the Communists and Socialists in censuring the Von Papen Government in the last vote taken in the Reichstag, it grows increasingly unlikely that they will take any extra-legal action against the government. Nor should they, if one considers that most of the measures of the Von Papen Government have been precisely along the lines of the Hitler program. Even the announced government training camps for youths, for which the poverty-stricken government easily finds the initial sum of $357,000, can hardly seem undesirable to the Nazis. It is still a puzzle just how the Junker government of today differs from the Hitlerites. Time alone will make that clear, but at present we do not see why Hitler should be unhappy, provided he can salve his wounded pride at not being a member of the government.

MAHATMA GANDHI PROPOSES TO STARVE himself to death in protest against the British Government's communal awards, which would divide the Indian population into twelve separate electorates according to religion, race, and occupation. Gandhi, like the Congress Party, is opposed to the whole idea of separate electorates, but his protest is specifically against special representation in the provincial legislatures (to which the communal awards have reference) for the depressed classes, the untouchables. Throughout his public career Gandhi has proclaimed "untouchability" to be the "greatest blot on Hinduism"; in his personal life he has carried on the fight against it, beginning with his adoption of an untouchable child many years ago. He feels that legally to separate the untouchables from the Hindus, as the communal award contemplates, is to recognize officially, and therefore perpetuate, a separation that he has been trying for years to wipe out. The objection of the

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Congress Party to separate electorates in general is based upon the same theory. It is impossible to deny the wisdom of that theory; and it is difficult to justify the British Government in its decision, especially in the light of the Simon Commission report, which the British Government can hardly dismiss and which expresses the following opinion:

> Communal representation . . . is an undoubted obstacle in the way of the growth of a sense of common citizenship. . . . Communal electorates . . . perpetuate class distinctions and stereotype existing relations, and they constitute a very serious hindrance to the development of the self-governing principle.

The death of Gandhi by self-starvation would not only mean the loss to the world of one of its most significant figures. It would let loose in India a storm which the British already foresee. It is to be hoped that the government and Gandhi will somehow find a compromise.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH on the railroads in Salt Lake City was a much abler and more statesman-like address than his talk on agriculture and the tariff. The Governor has grappled honestly with this problem and consulted informed advisers. The address is only mildly liberal in its tendency—it avoids the issue of government ownership or management—but within its limitations it is thoughtful. It advocates the termination of the present unfair competition between the railroads and motor trucks by bringing the latter also under federal supervision. It attacks those "financial comets," railroad holding companies, and insists that these, too, be brought under federal control. It approves the present policy of loans to railroads through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, but only as an "emergency measure," and it justifiably attacks the present Administration for making these loans, "not in accordance with a plan for relieving fundamental difficulties, but only with the hope that within a year or so the depression would end." It recommends that the government "stand back of the railroads for a specified period," and attempt to prevent receiverships, but holds that when these become unavoidable, an "appropriate scaling down of fixed charges" should be made by the railroads. The Governor also recommends a thorough overhauling of the federal laws affecting railroad receiverships. This would be a reform of first importance if it could be achieved, though the Governor does not supply any details. Finally, he indorses the present policy of encouraging the consolidation of the roads into a few systems, and urges the gradual scrapping of unprofitable railroad mileage.

FOR SEVERAL GENERATIONS the slogan "As Maine goes, so goes the nation" has been capitalized by the party usually favored by the results. Of late years the Republicans have done most of the capitalizing, and while the Maine results have not been an infallible barometer, they have for half a century proved highly suggestive. Maine elected Republican governors and the nation Republican Presidents from 1860 to 1876. In 1880, when Garfield was elected, Greenbackers and Democrats united in the State campaign to elect their candidates, but the Democrats by themselves would have been in a minority. In the years of Grover Cleveland's victories Republican governors were elected in Maine, but by small majorities. In 1912 the Democrats won in State and nation, but in 1916 the Republicans were returned to power in the State, while Woodrow Wilson was reelected. Since then Maine has been safely Republican, in 1928 by the unprecedented majority of 140,000. How striking and inevitably prophetic appears the swing of more than 142,000 votes, which elected by approximately 2,500 votes not only a Democratic governor but two out of Maine's three Congressmen!

SOME OF THE RESULTS of the primaries held on September 13 were gratifying. In South Carolina the veteran Senator Ellison D. Smith defeated that champion demagogue, Cole Blease, and, it is to be hoped, eliminated him from future political consideration. In Colorado the progressive Democrats, headed by Senator Costigan, succeeded in nominating their candidate for the United States Senate, ex-Senator Alva Adams, and were able to give to Governor Roosevelt, when he arrived there, the assurance that the State would be safely Democratic in the coming election—a promise borne out by the fact that for the first time the Democratic enrolment has surpassed the Republican by 18,000. Equally gratifying is the news that Louisiana, by electing Representative J. H. Overton, has retired to private life Senator E. S. Broussard, whose affiliation with the sugar-cane interests has long made his remaining in the Senate and voting for sugar tariffs only short of scandalous. We note with regret, however, the defeat of the veteran Governor George W. P. Hunt of Arizona, who has presided over the destinies of that State since 1923—he had previously been the first Governor elected, and had also served from 1915 to 1919. A genuine liberal, his loss to public life is great. The retirement of Congressman Charles R. Crisp removes from the House the chairman of its Ways and Means Committee, who has had twenty years of Congressional service. All in all, the drift of voting is so favorable to the Democrats that it is no wonder Mr. Hoover has decided that he must take the stump and aggressively oppose Mr. Roosevelt.

HERBERT HOOVER WROTE on July 17 last, when he signed the so-called relief bill which granted $300,000,000 for temporary loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation "to such States as are absolutely unable to finance relief of distress," that as a result "we have a solid back log of assurance that there need be no hunger and cold in the United States." On September 15, forgetting all about that solid back log of assurance, he issued an appeal to the nation "to see that no man, woman, or child shall go hungry or unsheltered through the approaching winter." But he added: "We must maintain the bedrock principle of our liberties by the full mobilization of individual and local resources and responsibilities." Then the President, who as much as any man in our public life has shown himself callous and indifferent to individual suffering, preached that "a cold and distant charity which puts out its sympathy only through the tax-collector yields a very meager dole of unloving and perfunctory relief." Finally, he said, we are to "maintain the spiritual impulses in our people for generous giving and generous service—in the spirit that each is his brother's keeper." In these words he has again sought to shoulder off on private charity the sacred responsibility which is the state's, and nobody else's, of keeping starving Ameri-

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cans alive. Everybody knows that the response of charity next winter can only be a fraction of what has been given heretofore, that the suffering has already reached dimensions menacing in the extreme. Again we repeat our question to the President, "Is it to be mass murder, Mr. Hoover?" Only action by the government will prevent it.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT signed the bill increasing by $1,500,000,000 the loans that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation might make, it was on the strict understanding that these loans should be "self-liquidating" in character, that is, that they should consist of projects that would return an immediate and direct income to pay off the loans. It was supposed that this would apply particularly to toll bridges and tunnels. It is rather surprising, therefore, that the first so-called "self-liquidating" loan should be one of $40,000,000 toward an estimated $283,000,000 required to finance the vast metropolitan water district of Southern California. As it is estimated that it will require at least six years to complete the work, it will obviously be a long time before this project begins to be "self-liquidating." Moreover, it is estimated that only 1,000 men will be employed in the project by December 31 of this year and only 4,500 by July 1, 1933. If these figures are correct, they surely represent an amazingly small amount of employment for the expenditure of $40,000,000. That the first money under this new provision should have gone to the politically doubtful State of California is perhaps only a coincidence, but certainly the loan will bear further investigation. Apart from the justification of these specific loans, the whole general policy which the R. F. C. represents becomes increasingly dubious. Dr. Lewis H. Haney, professor of economics at New York University, has recently warned against the inflation "which may be forced upon us by the government's policy of forcing its credit into business through huge loans" by the corporation. Such a policy, he remarks, may "engulf us in a brief period of false prosperity similar to that which developed in 1896. The reaction will be inevitable."

Glassford Sees It Through

GENERAL PELHAM D. GLASSFORD'S reply to Attorney-General Mitchell's attack upon the character of the bonus army was clear and devastating. He demonstrated that the bonus army was not composed of criminals and Communists, and he denied once more—with a persistent courage which his pusillanimous and confused superiors must find incomprehensible—that troops were necessary on July 28.

His statements with regard to the character of the bonus army are remarkably borne out by the report of a quite disinterested survey of the army made immediately after it was driven out of Washington. When the army reached Pennsylvania, Mrs. I. Albert Liveright, State Secretary of Welfare, at the instance of Governor Pinchot, called a conference of representatives of social-welfare agencies to consider the bonus expeditionary forces "in relationship to the general problem of migrant unemployed." We quote from the recommendations of the committee appointed to inquire into the problem of caring for the bonus army, as of August 11.

> The evidence presented to us today indicated that the men in the bonus expeditionary forces and their families camping in Pennsylvania are of a higher type than the average economic migrant. They represent a very fair cross-section of the unemployed and are not typical of the "hobo" of past years.

Among those making independent eyewitness reports to the Secretary of Welfare were J. Prentice Murphy, member of the Welfare Commission, and Helen Glenn Tyson, Assistant Deputy Secretary of the State Department of Welfare. From Mr. Murphy's long report we quote the following significant extracts:

> One could not fail to be impressed by the appearance of the campers. . . . They showed a high degree of intelligence. . . . Every one of the approximately seventy-five men whom I questioned specifically as to their service records produced his service papers showing honorable discharge.
>
> There were men who seemed quite obviously to be floaters . . . but there were very few of such men.
>
> There were graduate physicians, nurses; a graduate pharmacist; passenger conductors; locomotive firemen; artisans, such as structural ironworkers; carpenters; white-collar people such as clerks, down to the casual and irregularly employed workers.

Mrs. Tyson's observations were very similar:

> . . . They represented a cross-section of America, as had the army in 1918. They were highly conservative—indeed, had a middle-class psychology in their attitude toward the whole situation. Service badges, even distinguished-service medals, were in evidence. The men treasured their army papers. . . . There can be no question whatever that almost all of them were war veterans.
>
> While the men had adopted the bonus as a symbol of their needs, they seemed entirely realistic about the limitations of a few hundred dollars to meet them. Their real demand was for security, and in their bewilderment and confusion they seem to have reverted to the old army ways, to the earlier institutional situation where shelter and food are provided and where leadership is given. American flags were everywhere, repudiation of the "reds" was violent; though the speakers often added that "that night in Washington was enough to make anyone a Bolshie."

Meanwhile, it becomes increasingly apparent that on July 28 the Administration sowed the wind. A resolution touching upon the violent expulsion of the bonus army from Washington was kept off the floor at the national convention of the Legion, but it is probable that the vote of ten to one by which the convention reversed its decision of last year and demanded immediate payment of the bonus was inspired at least in part by resentment against the Administration—particularly since the vote was taken the day following President Hoover's vigorous, straightforward, well-written, and unanswerable statement against payment. Whatever the inspiration, that demand and its sponsors become ever more menacing. Already we are being told that Congress will be stormed again in December by 50,000 or 100,000 men. The challenge of the reactionary Legion must be met sooner or later. But events since July 28 have demonstrated that force followed by official lying is the least effective way of meeting it.

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Mr. Roosevelt's Tariff Nonsense

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S speech to the farmers leaves us gasping. There are, frankly, passages in it which make us question our sanity, for we can make neither head nor tail out of them, and we defy anybody to tell us what they mean. We cannot even venture to guess what the Governor is really driving at, or what his proposals are. The whole performance is the worst blow which has been struck at his candidacy since it began, for it seems to confirm what his adversaries have charged—that he has a confused mind which has not thought things through, and therefore has no clear remedies to suggest. While he berated Mr. Hoover—at one point with absolute unfairness—he no more advanced the case of the farmer than has the President. If this satisfies farmers, then they are easily duped.

But the protected manufacturers ought to be feeling both satisfied and pleased, if they have had any fears that Governor Roosevelt might be radical on the tariff. Like Al Smith in 1928, the Governor makes the incredible blunder of accepting the entire Republican protection principle. He, too, discards the historic Democratic position of "a tariff for revenue only," and he, too, really believes the humbug that some kind of tariff can be worked out which will equalize the position of the farmer in our economic system, in relation to the manufacturer. Instead of coming out and saying what he must know, what we believe he knows at heart, that the attack should be on the whole tariff principle, he avoids alienating the protected and privileged interests by not threatening to put an ax to the whole poisonous tariff growth, which, like some evil jungle vine, is strangling our foreign trade and corrupting our whole domestic political and economic life. He has now nothing left to offer to the American people on the tariff issue except some modifications of the existing schedules. The only issue that he can raise with Herbert Hoover hereafter is as to what rates shall be increased and what lowered, and how that shall be done. He had a magnificent opportunity to declare, as did Cobden and Bright in the great fight against the Corn Laws in England nearly a hundred years ago, in clarion tones that there shall be no tariffs on foodstuffs, and also that all tariffs on materials and machinery used by the farmers shall be finally ended.

One has only to read passages in this speech to see the utter confusion of the candidate's thought. Here is one:

> The Democratic tariff policy consists, in large measure, in negotiating agreements with individual countries permitting them to sell goods to us, in return for which they will let us sell to them goods and crops which we produce. An effective application of this principle will restore the flow of international trade; and the first result of that flow will be to assist substantially the American farmer in disposing of his surplus.

What does this mean? Would not such individual treaties involve ending the most-favored-nation agreements forthwith? And why should we negotiate agreements with countries to *permit* them to deal with us? Haven't they been dealing with us for years, hampered only by the increasing tariff restrictions? Is it not true that, if our markets were thrown open to the world, we should have demand enough for our surplus, provided we allowed other countries to pay for the surplus in manufactured goods? But no, Governor Roosevelt winds up his discussion of this phase of the problem by praising the farmers for saying: "We must make the tariff effective"! When it comes to his six separate specifications or remedies, the first one demands for the farmer "a differential benefit [which] must be so applied that the increase in farm income, purchasing, and debt-paying power will not stimulate production." How can that possibly be done? Crops in other countries, as in the United States, are constantly affected by weather and other crop conditions, by floods, by revolution, by a number of causes. How can any human being devise a differential tariff for the farmer which will keep him on an equality with the protected manufacturer, and yet never stimulate overproduction? This seems to us a conglomeration of words that means precisely nothing.

And the further we read into these proposed remedies the worse the confusion. Each one whittles away at the first. Thus, we hear that "the plan must finance itself." How, in heaven's name? The Governor merely says that agriculture is not seeking and will not seek "access to the public treasury"; beyond that nothing. His third recommendation is that agriculture "must not make use of any mechanism which would cause our European customers to retaliate on the ground of dumping." But—if the Governor is hinting at the export-debenture plan, as he appears to be—is there any country on earth that would not consider such subsidized exports dumped goods? And what is the mechanism to be? Again the Governor does not elucidate. He merely says: "It must be based upon making the tariff effective and direct in its operation"! How any tariff on agricultural products which we export on net balance can possibly be made effective we are not told. Next, however, we learn that we shall have to make use of existing agencies, and that the administration of this machinery, terribly complicated because of its relation to thousands of situations in other countries, must be decentralized so that the "chief responsibility for its operation will rest with locality rather than with newly created bureaucratic machinery in Washington." For the life of us we cannot understand this, nor what he means by the use of the word locality. We submit that this is the veriest nonsense.

As for the attack on Mr. Hoover, the Governor assails him because he said that "an adequate tariff is the foundation of farm relief," precisely as if he were not arguing for an "adequate tariff" himself. Then he misinterprets Mr. Hoover's remark that "continuance of overproduction means surplus," to be corrected only by lowered prices which would make unprofitable some of the acreage, into a scheme of Mr. Hoover to "lower the price; starve out one-third of the farms; then see what happens." This is indefensible, for whatever may be said of Mr. Hoover's agricultural or tariff policy in general, he was here plainly merely stating an economic truism and making no argument or demand based upon it. This is not only unfair politics, but politics and economics of such low grade that we cannot even apply the word kindergarten to them without being too complimentary.

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Meeting Japan's Challenge

IN signing a treaty of alliance with Manchukuo on September 15 Japan has taken one more step toward the ultimate annexation of this puppet state, and has again challenged the civilized world. The Tokio militarists have attempted to win sympathy for this action by proclaiming that it has been taken to meet the "vital" needs of the Japanese people. The falseness of this contention is forcefully demonstrated by the events of the last year. The Japanese militarists inaugurated their campaign of subjugation in Manchuria on September 18, 1931, ostensibly for the purpose of restoring order, which was threatened by bandit raids, and of improving the economic and financial situation in Japan, which is dependent upon conditions in Manchuria.

What has been the result? The most casual newspaper reader realizes that Japan has failed miserably in securing either of these objectives, and that this campaign of aggression has merely aggravated the conditions which Japan sought to remedy. Since August 20 at least three bandit attacks upon the South Manchuria Railway have been made. Moreover, in early September Manchurian rebels opened a well-organized attack upon three large cities, including Changchun, the capital of the new state.

In Japan itself conditions are going from bad to worse. Despite the reimposition of the gold embargo last December, the unfavorable trade balance during the first six months of 1932 increased by 153,000,000 yen over the same period in 1931. The United States *Commerce Reports* declare that, except for Manchuria, Japan's "trade with China was practically at a standstill during the first part of the year." The Japanese yen has fallen from 49.35 cents a year ago to 23.37 cents today; Japanese 5½ bonds have declined during the same period from 96 to 52. Despite the brave assertions of the military fascists that they would relieve the distress of the Japanese farmer, the Diet adjourned on September 4 without appropriating more than a bagatelle for this purpose.

From the international standpoint Japan's present Manchurian policy makes another disastrous conflict with China sooner or later inevitable. The Chinese will never acquiesce in the loss of a territory inhabited by 29,000,000 Chinese, which has been a part of China at least since 1644. In view of its enormous superiority in population and the great power it may exercise through the boycott, China will inevitably wreak destruction upon Japan. But the result for both countries will be fatal—a future Sino-Japanese conflict must be prevented at all costs.

The most serious aspect, however, of Japan's recognition of Manchukuo is that it is an act of defiance against the Washington treaties of 1922, the League Covenant, and the Kellogg Pact. If Japan's challenge is not met, the world peace machinery, already pitifully weak, will be dealt a blow from which it may not recover. The members of the League and the United States must meet this challenge. They must meet it without bitterness—without the rancor which leads to war—but with a firmness born of the conviction that the future of world organization is at stake. Toward this end the United States should take four definite steps. First, as *The Nation* urged several weeks ago, it should send a strong delegation to the forthcoming sessions of the League Council and Assembly to deal with the Lytton report. Secondly, it should formally declare, jointly with the League members, that Japan has brought the "state" of Manchukuo into existence in violation of the anti-war pact and the Nine-Power Treaty. Thirdly, it should extend recognition to Soviet Russia, in order to avoid any possibility that Moscow will itself recognize Manchukuo in return for Japanese trade privileges and in order to make Soviet Russia a part of the common front against Japan. Fourthly, the United States, along with the League, should formally embargo any foreign loan or other extension of credit either to Manchukuo or Japan so long as the Tokio government does not live up to its international obligations.

These four steps are all within the range of practical international politics; they are the logical development of Mr. Stimson's peace policy, which has already received our praise. These steps are essential to the vindication of the anti-war pact and world peace machinery. While avoiding the danger of war, they make it impossible for the Japanese militarists to consolidate their position in Manchukuo, and they would ultimately cause a revolution against militarism among the Japanese people. Having taken these steps, the League of Nations and the United States must then secure genuine results at the world economic conference, in order to demonstrate that the existing peace machinery provides a far better means for satisfying the economic needs of Japan and other countries than a futile resort to force.

Liberalism and Sex

A RECENT morning's mail brought us a letter on which we propose to comment. It comes from a pastor in Kansas, and reads as follows:

> I am a pastor in western Kansas. I preach to my people the wisdom of holy living and, as best I can, I practice what I preach. In general, we are liberals in politics and business, but we have not learned to scoff at Puritan morals and womanly virtue. We still believe—most of us—that chastity is a woman's crown that man should respect and imitate. Therefore I would question such an article as that by Ernst in *The Nation* for August 10, which seems to me to be an instance of Freudianism at its worst. Does the editor approve the attitude of the writer, who seems to have neither moral nor aesthetic sense? Does the editor hold that there should be no public standard of decency? Or does liberalism include, by necessity, this barnyard philosophy of life? Is there any necessary connection between liberalism and lechery? I would like to know the attitude of *The Nation*.

Now it is evident enough that our correspondent begs the question when he asks whether or not liberalism necessarily implies a "barnyard philosophy of life." Obviously the point under dispute is not whether we approve "a barnyard philosophy," but whether or not the morality implied by Mr. Ernst and others could fairly be described in those terms. Nevertheless, and despite our correspondent's very human unfairness, the question in his mind is one of real importance. It divides liberals who would otherwise work more effectively together,

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and it is not often very frankly met because nearly everyone would rather ignore it than give an answer which would satisfy, at best, only one of the groups which the question divides. Yet our correspondent's patently sincere question deserves an answer and we propose to give it—not flippantly but with the same gravity as that with which it is asked. Does or does not liberalism in politics and economics imply liberal or unconventional attitudes toward sexual morality?

At first sight it might seem that history would answer in the negative. The great Victorian liberals, despite their usual religious skepticism, were, for two reasons, conspicuously austere in both precept and practice so far as sex was concerned. In the first place, they felt themselves particularly open to attack because they were admittedly unconventional in other respects. In the second place—and this is even more important—their inquiring minds stopped short when they came upon one of those questions which have always seemed so delicate as to be almost undiscussable. What we learn before we begin to reason is more firmly fixed than anything we learn afterwards, and hence the first generation of liberals cast off their earliest reasoned convictions while they held firmly to those which they had acquired before they began to reason, while, indeed, they frequently protested that the criticism which they applied to other moral standards was irrelevant to all questions of sexual behavior.

Nevertheless, it is perfectly plain that every generation since the first has seen moral liberalism more and more usually associated with liberalism in other fields. As soon as a rational criticism was applied, it resulted in the discovery that what convention taught about sexual morality was no more reasonable than what it taught about the divine right of those "whom it had pleased God to make our betters." Much that was all but universally believed about the inviolability of marriage vows and the just punishment for any kind of incontinence was as completely arbitrary and as needlessly cruel as what was taught about the privileges of rank or wealth. One cannot logically ask that one section of the moral code be tested by its usefulness to humanity without asking that every other section be tested in the same way. And we, at least, believe it to be evident that the "new morality" in regard to sex is conspicuously more humane, more reasonable, and more useful than the old.

We certainly have no desire, on the other hand, to prescribe what any man must believe about sex before he can call himself a liberal or join with other liberals in working for the things in which all believe. But we have tried to answer our correspondent's question frankly while, at the same time, presenting as forcefully as we can both our reasons for believing as we do and our realization of the danger that a difference of opinion on such matters may sunder those who ought to be united. We shall end with a plea that the author of the letter we have quoted be not led by any disapproval he may feel into the camp of the enemy. Moral and religious respectability is one of the most dangerous of the red herrings which the conservatives are only too ready to draw across the trail. "Barnyard philosophy" is a phrase that can serve them quite as usefully as "Bolshevik menace" or "un-American ideas." But the political liberal who flees from his brothers because of that bugaboo is quite as likely as not to find himself in the arms of highly respectable Anglicans like the late J. P. Morgan or ardent advocates of "a clean city" like the now happily "ex"-Mayor Walker.

Books and Pocket-Books

A NEW publisher has conceived the idea that there is a public which wants to buy "distinguished books while they are best-sellers, in a full leather format in keeping with their distinction," and so he has arranged with other publishers to bring out such special editions to sell at $5. Now if there is a public that wants to pay more for its current fiction than the rest of us are paying, it should certainly be entitled to do so. But it seems to us very probable that before the list has grown very much some of the volumes chosen will prove to have been meretricious. Therefore we are rather among those who would welcome the opposite scheme from this one—current novels bound merely in paper covers, as in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain—if that would save us money—and binderies that for a reasonable price would provide any individual with the solid and handsome bindings he desires.

Moreover, it seems to us that the books which most of us really want to have in solid and permanent bindings are not those current novels which have not yet passed through the ordeal of time, but the classics which have survived precisely that ordeal. Here the current situation is a rather curious one. We have on the one hand a large number of cheap reprint "series," and on the other innumerable de luxe editions. The de luxe editions may range in price from $5 to $50 and up, but most of them have the serious defect, apart from their expensiveness, that they are meant to be admired rather than read. The covers are frequently so precious that one dreads to profane them with one's maculate hands; they are usually too heavy or bulky to be comfortably held for sustained reading; it is usually necessary to keep a paper cutter by one's side to slit the pages as one turns them; and the illustrations are usually made for their own sake rather than to illuminate or even to carry out the spirit of the text.

The cheap reprints usually sell for a dollar or less. The two most popular of these are probably the Everyman's Library and the Modern Library series. There is also the admirably printed World's Classics series published by the Oxford University Press. We have no complaint that these do not give "money's worth": on the contrary, the Modern Library's recent publication of such volumes as "Don Quixote" and "The Magic Mountain" in full provides astonishing examples of bargains and of compression. Even more remarkable from the standpoint of low price is the recent Jacket Library, containing books like "The Way of All Flesh," well printed and in cloth covers, for fifteen cents a volume. But these books published at a dollar or less can seldom stand a great deal of punishment; the type is frequently too small, there is often too much skimping on the inside border around the type; and most of us prefer more physical durability in such spiritually durable books. There is room, in short, for a series of classics of intermediate price—selling, say, like the ordinary new novel, at two dollars or two dollars and a half each. The recent compact but handsome and solid volumes of Blake, Hazlitt, and Donne, published by the Nonesuch Press at three dollars and a half each, or the Oxford Standard Authors series, selling at one dollar and a half and higher, are examples of what we mean. Their deficiency is that they do not contain enough titles.

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The Road Back

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THE POT AND THE KETTLE

The Testimony of a Great Expert

> The Democratic and Republican Parties stand nationally for the same thing. . . . The two old parties are undivided when it comes to anything but fictitious and unreal issues.
>
> In their essence, the Democratic and Republican machines are alike. Both are controlled by the like powerful beneficiaries of privilege—privileged politically and privileged financially. To try to punish one set of defenders of political and industrial privilege by occasionally voting for the nominee of the other is to play into the hands of both. . . . It is to follow the course most gratefully appreciated by the corrupt bosses of both.
>
> The Democratic and Republican organizations alike represent government of the needy many by professional politicians in the interest of the rich few.

DEAR readers, who was it that voiced these sentiments? Can any of you guess? No, it was not the "pessimistic, ever fault-finding, and censorious" editor of *The Nation*. No, it wasn't Norman Thomas, or Eugene Debs, or some "wild-eyed radical." It wasn't Woodrow Wilson in the heyday of his reforming "New Freedom." It certainly was not William Z. Foster or Emma Goldman. Well, I see you cannot guess, and so I had better tell you. The author of these sentiments was no less a person than the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt, twice President of the United States. Surely if there ever was an expert witness as to the character of the two old parties, he would qualify as such. Knowing a great deal better, he worked his way up through the machine and never really bolted his party until the summer and fall of 1912, when he gave utterance to the sentiments quoted above, when also he referred to his former Republican allies as a "set of crooks and thieves." Otherwise he gave to the pot and to the kettle of our national political life the fury of his abuse in equal measure and equal heat. Had he not watched them at close range during his years in the White House? Had he not done business with them both in order to get through legislation that he desired? Was he not intimately acquainted with the masters of privilege to whom he refers above? Did he not sneak some of them into the White House by a secret entrance at seven o'clock one morning, when, in the last days of his campaign for reelection against Alton Parker, he thought that he was being beaten, and sell his so-called idealism to these railroad magnates and captains of industry in return for large campaign contributions with which to buy the election? As a matter of record, he did.

* * * * *

I SUBMIT that these words that I have quoted from Theodore Roosevelt comprise a complete statement of the case of those of us who in this campaign are saying: "A plague o' both your houses; our self-respect will not permit us to vote for either." I cannot add one word to or subtract one from the clarity and truth of his description of the issues as they are again presented today. Yet we are being told once more that if we vote for Thomas and a new deal we are throwing away our votes, and insuring the reelection of Herbert Hoover (the State of Maine has just given the lie to this). We are sick of voting for "good men" in the hope that they will change the system or the situation. I admit that I personally fell for Woodrow Wilson in 1912, and hoped great things of him in the way of domestic reform. I even voted for Al Smith four years ago, not because I was under any illusion as to the character of his party, or what he could do with it if elected, but because it seemed to me supremely important to combat the new-fangled idea that a man cannot be elected to the Presidency of the United States if he happens to belong to the Roman Catholic church. But this year there is no such issue. It is only a choice between the intolerable Hoover, the most unfit and incompetent man, unless we except the late Brother Harding, to occupy the White House since the Civil War, and the kindly, well-meaning Franklin Roosevelt, who will be our next President if Maine has pointed the way. And when the kindly and well-meaning Franklin Roosevelt enters the White House, he will find for himself that the Democratic machinery is controlled, like the Republican, "by the powerful beneficiaries of privilege—privileged politically and privileged financially," and that as long as he advocates no radical program, in fact, no program at all which differs diametrically from that of the Republicans, he will not get the country anywhere. Let us finish once and for all with the idea that the election of a good man or a nice fellow will alter the situation in which we find ourselves, of being one of the most backward countries, politically speaking, in the world, ranking about on a level with Rumania and Turkey.

* * * * *

IT would seem as if this ought to be perfectly obvious to any intelligent man, but here is my old friend, George Foster Peabody, writing to the New York *Herald Tribune* that this is no time for a protest vote. "I wish," he writes, "it were worth while to plead with the followers of the critical tempers of the editors of *The Nation* and *New Republic* to be patriotic pragmatists with their votes, and not merely critics." Therefore he appeals to us deluded editors and our dupes not to throw our votes to Norman Thomas—he says we take the stand we do in order "to avoid hard thinking and courageous action"! Bless my soul, this is the same sort of thing that Henry Cabot Lodge and Reed Smoot and Matthew Stanley Quay and Mark Hanna and all the rest of the big bosses would applaud to the sky, as Theodore Roosevelt pointed out. I know Mr. Peabody loves Franklin and believes in him. I know that he is therefore not to be swayed by the pictures of Governor

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Roosevelt with his arms around Boss McCooey and Boss Curry of Tammany Hall, and Mayor Hague of Jersey City, who ought long since to have been driven out of public life. These men some of us would not touch with a thirty-foot pole even if we were candidates for the Presidency—least of all would Norman Thomas do business with them. But Mr. Roosevelt is, I suppose, merely pragmatic and practical, merely "doing what the situation calls for," with the result that these bosses will ride him and thwart him when he takes office as they thwarted Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson on more occasions than one. Excuse me, dear Mr. Peabody, friend of my lifetime. I prefer to be dubbed a crank, an impractical idealist, as well as your affectionate

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Danube Blues

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, August 15

HAVING made an unfortunate omelette out of Central Europe, the so-called Great Powers are seeking to retrieve whole eggs from the mess. The badly cracked states of Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and so on are to be carefully pasted together again, in order to encourage them in the belief that they are really nations and to satisfy British financial and French political desires. The Powers made Central Europe what it is today, at Versailles, at St. Germain, and at the Trianon, and they were tolerably well satisfied with the job until they discovered that a bank failure in remote and decrepit Vienna could, and did, shake Britain off gold. The condition of Central Europe thereupon became a serious matter. Central Europe had, meantime, all but expired. The Powers muddled toward "reconstruction," within the framework of the treaties, and M. Tardieu produced his famous still-born plan. Now new schemes are afoot, following the agreements at Lausanne.

The Lausanne treaty contains two resolutions specifically directed to Central Europe. The first suggests a conference before December on non-German reparations. This means that the hopelessly difficult quarrel between Greece and Bulgaria over the Hoover moratorium is painfully reopened, and also the monstrous business of the Hungarian optants, probably the single most obscure and intricate politico-financial imbroglio of the post-war period. At present Hungarian landowners who lost their property when Rumania seized Transylvania are recompensed by their own government through a reciprocal deal wherein Hungarian reparations to Rumania were canceled out. Count Bethlen as Premier simply turned the cash over to Count Bethlen, landowner—if I may oversimplify. It is going to take some bitter bargaining before this pleasant system is superseded. The non-German reparations conference will also, presumably, apportion to the smaller countries their share of the Lausanne loot, when and if the bonds are marketed. There is, of course, very scant chance of those 3,000,000,000 marks ever seeing the light of day. Meantime, Rumania stands to lose a gross sum of $3,200,000 per year in reparations, Greece about $3,500,000, and Jugoslavia about $17,500,000. The sums are small, judged by Western standards, but they are large in the life of local budgets, and the wind of bewilderment and wrath from Athens, Belgrade, and Bucharest has whipped the Danube high. The second Lausanne resolution affecting Central Europe is a vague and hopeful statement calling for a conference, another one, which shall (a) persuade the Danubian states to relax their currency restrictions, and (b) persuade God to raise agricultural prices.

Then, approved at Lausanne, came a 300,000,000 schilling ($42,000,000) Austrian loan, unusual among loans in that Austria did not want it—at least Austrians respectable enough to realize their dignity as a nation, or educated enough to add and subtract. Of the 300,000,000 schillings, 100,000,000 never reaches the country, but is repaid to the Bank of England for the advance which was to have "saved" Austria after the Credit Anstalt debacle in June, 1931. The rest was planned to buttress the melting reserves of the Austrian National Bank so that service could be maintained by Austria on the 1923 League reconstruction loan, the League's "key" loan, which is guaranteed by the governments, among others, of France, Great Britain, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia. These governments would be liable for the service, 102,000,000 schillings per year, in the event of Austrian default. Their representatives at Lausanne were thus understandably eager to inflict on Austria enough cash to save their own pocket-books for another two years.

The Lausanne loan also embodied the provision of the 1923 protocol forbidding Austria to jeopardize its independence, in other words, to form a customs union with Germany. The loan protocol specifies the appointment of a League of Nations adviser, resident in Vienna, which is a good thing. It may hurt Austrian pride, but it will save Austrian pocket-books. It simply is not true, as most Central European countries are prone to plead, that the bedrock limit of economy in national administration has been reached. There is room for an ax as wide as the Danube and as sharp as poor Seipel's wit. Let Austria cut down its pension list. This country of 6,500,000 people has more civil servants than Great Britain. Let all the countries have a look at their armies. Austria, a disarmed state, spends $32,000,000 per year on military and police forces; Hungary spends $21,000,000 on its "disarmed" army alone; Czecho-Slovakia spends $60,000,000, and Rumania and Jugoslavia about $50,000,000 each. These are the sums formally admitted in the various budgets, so the real sums are sure to be far greater. It is a fairly safe bet that the five succession states spend at least $250,000,000 a year on arms—whereas the military budget of the old empire never exceeded a modest $75,000,000.

The Austrian loan brings up another and more serious problem. It is that of the wisdom or lack of wisdom of borrowing more money simply in order to maintain service on old debts. Count Karolyi, the Hungarian Prime Minister, told me in Budapest the other day that if someone were to offer him a loan of $10,000,000 on a silver platter, he would throw it out of the window. It would be nice to call this

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bluff. But indeed Hungary is grossly overborrowed, with a total foreign debt running to $700,000,000, which is about $100 per capita, almost as high as the per capita *total* debt of the United States. Hungary, Bulgaria, and Greece, the three countries which with Austria received League loans, have all had to default on them in varying degree. Bulgaria is trying to transfer a small percentage of its debt service, despite harrowing difficulty. Greece has gone the whole hog and defaulted on both interest and sinking fund. Austria and Hungary deposit the sums due in local currencies in blocked accounts at their national banks, but transfer of these sums into foreign currency will for many years be impossible. American investors, if any, have a right to know that only by borrowing new money can these countries ever pay what they already owe.

Everywhere in the Danube basin the faces of American bankers cooling their heads before blocked accounts in the various national banks are a pretty picture. Such smart young bankers, these! How well we remember them high-hatting us in the boom years, graciously pleading on street corners of Budapest, Prague, Athens, for people to take their (i. e., our) money away from them. How well-dressed they were, with such neat polka-dotted ties under such knife-edged collars, with such glaucous cheeks and pearly smiles, and what a profound knowledge they had of elementary high-school economics. Well, they have a name for them in Central Europe now—God's Frozen People.

So much has come from Lausanne so far. Not much. But more is coming. It seems pretty generally understood that some sort of deal was made between MacDonald, Papen, and Herriot for a new and modified consideration of the Tardieu Danubian plan. Germany, people are saying, will not so truculently oppose this effort, if it is made again, nor will Italy, which indeed has been thoroughly squelched and will probably keep clear of international settlements for some time to come. Now this is of the highest importance. The London conference for Danube salvation failed last April mostly because Franco-German distrust and disagreement were so acute in all fields that the negotiators locked horns on minor squabbles and hardly bothered even to face the real issues. It was not a conference at all. It was an abortive flirtation of enemies. It was also an election maneuver on the part of both Tardieu and Brüning and both were beaten by it. But today things are quite different. Lausanne may of course go the way of Dawes and Young, but at the moment there is some slight possibility of a Franco-German settlement. Without this, no Danube plan can come to anything. It is the *sine qua non* of Danubian recovery.

The original French plan was slick as soap, and deceptively ingenious. Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Jugoslavia are, taken together, their own best customers. The French plan took note of this, and recalled that about 35 per cent of the trade of "Danubia" is with itself. It recalled familiar platitudes about the economic unity of the old empire. It pointed with distress to those grim old warriors, Politics versus Economics, destroying what trade there was left in Central Europe in their efforts to destroy each other. It deplored the economic chauvinism which produced ridiculously excessive tariff barriers, exchange restrictions, trade wars. And it suggested an immediate slice of 10 per cent in inter-Danube tariffs, with further reductions to be expected later.

It is a beautiful plan except that it simply will not work. One reason is political. It is very difficult for an observer even so near as Paris or London to appreciate the intensity with which most of the Danube countries detest each other. They would much rather sink alone than swim together. To keep even one country, Jugoslavia, from spontaneously splitting asunder under pressure of the loving cousins who compose it, has been a nightmare to every Belgrade cabinet since the war. Think of trying to get the Jugoslavs to join an embryo economic union with Hungary! They hate the Hungarians even more deeply than their allies, the Rumanians. A 10 per cent tariff cut would spell in the primitive political language of these countries a warning that their sacred nationalism was endangered. The Austrians are more civilized, but Vienna has never forgotten that the Czechs were once her cooks and chauffeurs, and the Viennese will never forgive a parvenu. The Viennese positively adore it when these countries, even their own, get mixed up in a new tariff war. As things now stand, they can't fight with arms but they are more than pleased to take hate out in trade.

Economically, the difficulties of any Danube confederation are enormous. Each country has precious mushroom industries to protect, and their legitimate economic interests are disconcertingly diverse. Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, is not really part of Danubia at all; it carries on more trade with Germany than with its four succession cousins together. Again, Hungary, Rumania, and Jugoslavia are agrarian countries, living by the grain they struggle to produce; but their export surplus, small as it is by world standards, is enormously more than the two industrial partners in the putative combination, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, could possibly consume. Hungary, Rumania, and Jugoslavia have on hand about 2,000,000 tons, for instance, of wheat; but Austria's wheat import averages only about 250,000 tons a year; the Czech figure is less. Hungary alone, or Rumania alone, or Jugoslavia alone, might supply the Czech-Austrian demand, but the agrarian states plus Bulgaria would together utterly swamp a Danube confederation market.

The most important factor, we find, is Germany. It is true that the succession states grouped together are their own best customers, but Germany is the greatest *single* factor in Central European trade. You cannot minimize the force of a market of 63,000,000 people eager to buy Danube grain. Germany is Austria's best customer, Czecho-Slovakia's best, Rumania's best, Hungary's third best, Jugoslavia's third best. Conversely, Germany supplies 20 per cent of Austria's imports, 24.9 per cent of Czecho-Slovakia's, 21.3 per cent of Rumania's, 19.5 per cent of Hungary's, and 13.6 per cent of Jugoslavia's. About 10 per cent of Germany's total trade is with the succession states. Contrast this with figures for the other Powers: only 1 per cent of French imports comes from Danubia, and less than 1 per cent of British imports! The spectacle of France and Britain trying to freeze Germany out of a Danube scheme is therefore laughable. Germany is overwhelmingly the most important element in the whole problem. Even Dr. Benes, the Czech Foreign Minister, says so.

It is easy, then, to summarize. Without Germany, nothing is possible. But without French political and British financial support, very little is possible. One must not forget the exceedingly large French and British financial, as

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apart from purely commercial, interests in Central Europe. What one must hope for from the post-Lausanne negotiations is willingness by the French to admit Germany's commercial supremacy, plus German concessions to allow reciprocal intra-Danube tariff cuts. The Tardieu plan must somehow be warped around to include German preference schemes, so that an eventual agrarian bloc of Hungary, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Bulgaria can trade more or less decently with the industrial Austro-Czech-German group. Not easy. And it depends utterly on general Franco-German amity. Meantime, business being business, France, Germany, and Italy, all three, have been competitively diving underneath the whole mess to sneak out private trade agreements to their own exclusive advantage.

Of course a Danube agreement in about 1940 will not do much good. It is this winter which will tell the tale. Austria and Hungary, among the Central European states, have collapsed completely once since the war, and it is going to be decided pretty soon whether or not this will happen again. Already their currencies, like those of their neighbors, have only an artificial internal value, and a little bit of inflation has begun. A Central European inflation might bring the rest of Europe down. Austria and Hungary are sick. It does not take long for sick nations to die.

The Show Business

IV. Can Anything Be Done About It?*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ANYONE who has read the previous articles in this series will probably be almost too ready to agree that theatrical production costs too much. He will, moreover, be confirmed in this opinion if he is informed still further that between 1914 and 1929 costs rose about 100 per cent and that this rise was accounted for by proportional increases in practically every department, from the salaries of actors and stage hands to the price of the most trivial prop. But the theatergoer himself is partially responsible for the unnecessarily large outlay required to produce a play. He has become accustomed to absurdly lavish mountings, and the man who grumbles at paying $3.30 for a ticket to a simple drama and $5.50 for a ticket to one of the elaborate reviews is often the very one who would grumble at the slightest evidence of even reasonable economy. We are accustomed to a sumptuousness of scenic investiture which in many cases does not add enough to the artistic effect to justify the handicap which it imposes, and our theater would be a great deal more healthy if we would learn to demand less in certain respects. A good play is just as good if the curtains which deck the drawing-room windows have been used before, and no one ought really care whether or not a buffet is real mahogany. But unfortunately the American playgoer will recognize and resent the cheapness of a material much more readily than he will resent the cheapness of an idea, a character, or a phrase. He demands the best—in fabrics and furniture and clothes.

Of course this is not, however, the only reason why play production costs too much, and there are various reasons why the producer pays outrageously even for what he gets. Ask him what is the matter with the theatrical business and he is pretty sure to answer in one word, "Labor." Nor is it to be denied that he has a real grievance, even though, as I shall try to show, he is usually guilty of important sins of his own. Three years ago the stage hands received their last increases and they, almost alone among the workers in the theater, have, so far at least, accepted no reductions of any kind, though negotiations are now pending. Their pay is very high as the pay of laborers goes and (this is the producer's chief complaint) the iron-clad rules of their union necessarily involve great wastes.

It is true, for example, that a carpenter, an electrician, or a property man is theoretically paid at the rate of only $82.50 a week, while the various assistants receive only $7.25 a performance. But since the production of a play is not something which can be carried on in the routine manner of a factory, all the typical union rules concerning pay at an increased rate for broken time, overtime, holiday time, and the like become enormously important, and under certain circumstances the theatrical worker may pile up earnings ridiculously disproportionate to those of the actors, directors, or managers.

As I write I have before me the booklet setting forth the "Wage Scales and Working Conditions," issued by the Theatrical Protective Union No. 1, and there is no doubt of the fact that some of its provisions—especially those concerning what a particular kind of worker may or may not do, or what shall constitute a "load" for a transfer agent—have a kind of Alice in Wonderlandish quality. It may sometimes happen that a producer is compelled to employ a staff which does little except play poker in its room below stage, and as a perhaps extreme example we may cite the situation against which Mr. Ziegfeld was complaining loudly just before his death.

In reviving "Show Boat" Mr. Ziegfeld employed a stage crew of exactly the same size as that which he had employed during the original run of the play. But after its original run the play had been taken on the road with an increased crew. And since less than five years had elapsed between the time when "Show Boat" was on tour and the time when it was revived in New York, it was still technically "on the road." Therefore Mr. Ziegfeld was compelled to hire additional men at a cost of something like $800 a week, in spite of the fact that there was nothing whatever for them to do. Not unnaturally he felt that he had been wronged.

There seems little doubt that the unions are unreasonable to an extent which ultimately works to their own disadvantage by reducing the number of their opportunities to work, and it is possible that some of the abuses for which they are responsible will be remedied. This does not, how-

* The fourth and last of a series of articles on The Show Business.—Editor The Nation.

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ever, mean that the producers themselves are guiltless of costly inefficiency. The account previously given of the processes of production ought to make it abundantly clear how much will depend upon the smoothness with which they are carried through. Undoubtedly it is difficult to coordinate them efficiently, but the fact remains that upon the extent of this coordination depends, more than upon any other single factor, what the cost of production will be. At best it will cost enough or too much. But delays, changes, and overtime labor used to get an inefficiently managed production ready in time for its scheduled opening can cause costs to mount so dizzily that they may easily be double or triple what they would have been and thus make all the difference between a tidy profit and a crushing loss.

Last and perhaps most important of all is the more general fact that theatrical activity of all kinds is too irregular or sporadic to be efficient. Workers and materials alike are employed for only an indefinite part of even the theatrical season and for that reason cost too much. The rent of a theater is very high because a theater is used only part of the time. Actors' salaries are high because even important stars ordinarily work only relatively few weeks of the year, and it is for the same reason that all other employees from directors on down to carpenters receive compensations which appear unreasonably generous. If a manager could lease a theater for a long period, hire actors, directors, et cetera by the year, and then keep his staff employed as constantly as, for example, a publisher keeps his staff employed, then both production and running costs could be cut nearly in half.

The Theater Guild has worked out an organization which makes possible an approach to this ideal. It has one theater of its own, it has a semi-permanent company, and it makes a definite number of productions per year in its own house, moving to other theaters only those plays which require long runs. It is partly for this reason that the Theater Guild has become an unusually stable institution, even though, it should be noted, it receives no concessions from the unions; and it may be added that in general the larger the play-producing organization, the more economically its operations can be planned. So far, however, as the "independent" producer is concerned, his activity continues to be so sporadic as to be inevitably wasteful. One year he may produce three or four plays, another year possibly none at all. He can maintain no staff, lease no theater, and gather no useful store of scenery, lighting equipment, or props. He exists through alternate periods of inactivity and bursts of feverish effort, in the course of which latter he pays high salaries to individuals who know that their employment may last only a couple of weeks and spends large sums for materials which may be soon sent to a storehouse where their value immediately sinks to almost nothing. Add the fact that the very nature of the enterprise attracts men who are reckless, impulsive, and changeable, and it is no wonder that, even if we leave out of account the many plays abandoned after try-outs, something like 70 per cent of those which reach Broadway during a good season close with a net loss for the producer or his backers.

Many of the remedies commonly suggested are more or less utopian, or at least imply a change in popular psychology which no one knows how to bring about. Of course it would be more economical if theaters were scattered over the city and built in regions where rents are cheaper than they are on Broadway—but experience has shown that the public will not seek such theaters out. Of course a genuine repertory theater can be run more economically than theaters managed under the present system can be run—but the American public does not want "standard" plays and will not patronize a repertory company. No theater off the beaten track has been financially successful, and admirable as is the work done by Miss Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater, even it must be run at a loss because of the low prices charged.

So far as the immediate future is concerned, it will not, I think, see the American theater "saved" by any radical change in theatergoing habits. We are not going to have repertory theaters dominating the scene, we are not going to have the theaters built in cheaper sections, and we are not going to have state theaters. Even the various experimental groups—the little theaters, the summer repertory companies which operate in the country, and the like—will continue, I think, to be as they have been in the past *merely* experimental, and hence important largely because of what can be absorbed from them into the commercial theater. Even that ideal producing organization hinted at above—one, that is to say, in which a permanent company and staff are employed to produce a definitely planned-for series of productions—is not likely to be more than approximated, because there are various difficulties in the way—notably and above all the difficulty of securing suitable scrips with suitable regularity.

But if the depression continues, some changes will nevertheless have to take place. Theater rents will have to come down and so probably will labor costs—at least in proportion to the reduction which has already been made in actors' salaries. Finally and most important of all, the manager will have to manage more efficiently. In the past he has fixed his eye on big profits, and with the possibility of several hundred thousand dollars dangling before his eyes he has not been inclined to consider the difference between ten and twenty thousand dollars in production costs very important. In the future he may, like all other business men, have to think more seriously of that small margin which can make the difference between a reasonable profit and a definite loss.

It may seem a very unsensational conclusion to reach after a rather long consideration, but the chief trouble with the show business is a kind of extravagant recklessness which was generated partly by the traditionally hectic atmosphere of the theater and partly by the excitement of boom times. Perhaps our actors and playwrights have had too little temperament, but our producers have generally had too much. What we need in their department is not less commercialism but more—at least of a certain kind. Your manager ought, of course, to know a good play when he sees it, and it is doubtless a good thing if he cares enough for the art of the theater to want to put on the best manuscript he can find. But once he has selected his play he ought to become a business man first of all and to conduct his enterprise as a good business man would conduct it. Efficiency, care, executive ability become his great assets. The smoother things run and the less temperament interferes, the less wasteful the production will be. And in the end the audience will profit.

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Don't Overlook Philadelphia!

By SAUL CARSON

GREAT things have been happening in the State of Grundy and Pinchot, in the city of Penn and Atterbury. But the press, preoccupied with New York's achievements in the field of city government, has given Pennsylvania little notice. New York is stirred by its Mayor's large bank accounts and its Mayor's accountant's disappearance. The bank accounts of some of our State officials are entirely overlooked. New York exercises itself over mere attempts to grab monopolies in buses and taxicabs. In Pennsylvania we give such things away and make no fuss about it. New York has discovered that one of its municipal officers held a mere few thousand dollars' worth of shares in a bronze company that had somehow something to do with city contracts. We have a former Mayor who admits being on the pay roll of the transit trust while he was chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Board; and our Attorney-General apparently sees nothing wrong in such a connection with the transit trust—perhaps because the Attorney-General, too, has taken fees from the same trust while working for the State.

Enough of comparisons. Let us speak of the State of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia in their own right. In Pennsylvania the late chairman of our Public Service Commission, William D. B. Ainey, who headed that body from the time of its organization in 1915 until very recently, was accused of accepting $150,000 from the late Thomas E. Mitten. The latter headed Philadelphia's unified system of street cars, subways, elevated railways, buses, and taxicabs. Chairman Ainey entered a vigorous denial. But just as a special committee of the State senate was assembling to investigate the charges, Mr. Ainey resigned. Did the senate committee lay the resignation on the table and dig into the accusations? Not Pennsylvania. The senate accepted the resignation forthwith.

Another former member of the Public Service Commission, James S. Benn, banked $650,000 in ten years, during which time his salary totaled $100,000. In a period of a year and a half Mr. Benn bought government bonds which cost him $129,000. His salary during that period did not exceed $15,000. Governor Pinchot, apparently thinking that Mr. Benn's deposits and Mr. Ainey's income might have had something to do with increased rates granted public-utility corporations, asked the senate to investigate. And now Pennsylvania has another senate committee, created by a resolution which in its preamble invokes invective against the Governor—presumably for forcing senators to work overtime.

Again, here is a photostatic copy of a check for $100,000, signed by the late Mr. Mitten, indorsed by Mr. Mitten, and paid in cash "to bearer," his confidential secretary. The former secretary, now a free lance, shouts aloud his desire to trace the destination of that cash. The senate committee ignores him.

On the records of our legislature is spread information to the effect that a Mr. Albert M. Greenfield had transferred $736,000 in cash to the late Mr. Mitten. Mr. Mitten, theoretically an employee of the street-car company, had bought for the company a taxicab corporation. We find that the taxicab company he bought for his employers was owned by his own "straw man." So much is known. Where did the $736,000 in cash go? The same former confidential secretary, A. A. Chapman, wants to tell. The senate committee does not want to know.

Or take the case of a politician high in the councils of his fellows, a man who was leader of his ward, representative of his ward on the Republican city committee, candidate for Congress from his district, and holder of a job in the coroner's office, where he controlled much patronage. This man had been intrusted, by virtue of his position in the coroner's office, with administration of 115 estates and trusts. A political opponent made public the information that all had not been right with the man's administration of the various estates. Opponents of the organization had obtained warrants for the man's arrest. The sheriff's office, whose duty it is to serve such warrants, could not find the politician. Of course, the fact that the sheriff was boss of his potential prisoner's Congressional district had nothing to do with the matter. An enterprising attorney finally served the politician with a warrant. There were hearings, delays, adjournments. The man committed suicide, and that matter ended happily for the organization. Not a cent has as yet been recovered for the 115 estates and trusts.

Mayor Harry A. Mackey, from 1915 to 1923, was chairman of the State Workmen's Compensation Board. From 1918 to December, 1925, Mr. Mackey received $1,000 a month as counsel for the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. The transit company employs thousands of men. It might be presumed that one or two of these men sprained an ankle or hurt a thumb in those years between 1918 and 1923, when the chairman of the State Workmen's Compensation Board was also an attorney for the street-car company. Was Mr. Mackey culpable in thus accepting pay from the transit company while in that important State position? Not in Pennsylvania. Mr. William A. Schnader, the State Attorney-General, openly forgives Mr. Mackey on the ground that Mr. Mackey had a right to act as attorney for whatever client chose him as counsel. And to clinch his point, Mr. Schnader admits that he too was on the pay roll of the Yellow Cab Company, a subsidiary of the same transit trust, while working for the State as a special deputy attorney-general. His salary? Before Mr. Mitten of the transit company took over the Yellow Cab Company, Mr. Schnader's salary, according to his own statement made to the writer, was $6,000 a year plus 1 per cent of the gross income of the taxicab concern. After Mr. Mitten assumed control of the taxicab company, Mr. Schnader's salary was $12,000 a year—precisely what Mr. Mackey's salary had been. But Mr. Schnader no longer received the 1 per cent of gross income. Mr. Mitten complained throughout that period that his newly acquired Yellow Cab Company was losing money.

New York's doings are more widely publicized than ours. But don't overlook Philadelphia!

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Mourning Becomes Herbert

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, September 17

GLOOM, thicker than a London fog, descended on the White House with the Maine election returns. The atmosphere is reminiscent of a funeral parlor or "Mourning Becomes Electra." Secretaries tiptoe about their chores with long faces, politicians make sad entrances and sadder exits, and even the boys in the press room bid small slams in muted tones as Mark Sullivan wipes a furtive tear. The picture of a Great Heart bleeding silently but steadily over the ingratitude of a perverse electorate fills every eye, and it is thoroughly depressing. Is all this grief and foreboding warranted? I think so. Not only is Maine normally Republican by a large majority, but it has suffered far less from the depression than the large industrial centers. The result indicates that the various straw votes—in which Roosevelt has been running far ahead—by no means reflect the full Democratic strength, because all of them have purported to show that Maine was safe for Hoover. Republican workers are discouraged, Democratic workers are correspondingly stimulated, and wavering voters are prompted to hop on the band-wagon. Still more important, perhaps, is the influence on campaign contributors. No one wants to bet on a dead horse; on the other hand, those with money to give are eager to expend it in behalf of the candidate who will be in a position later to reward them. The question of funds at Republican headquarters was acute already; the Maine disaster has aggravated it. For some time the Democrats have been hinting that their adversaries would be so unscrupulous as to use the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to amass a campaign chest. Recently a Washington bank obtained a loan of $600,000 from that institution, and a few days later the bank loaned $15,000 to the Republican National Committee. However, the head of the bank assures me positively that the two transactions were not related, and I believe him—believe it or not.

* * * * *

THUS far it seems obvious that Roosevelt is winning votes on his Western tour, but if he has accomplished any higher purpose I have been unable to discern it. For example, his Topeka speech on the farm problem undoubtedly will cause a lot of farmers to vote for him, but whether it contributed anything to a solution of the farm problem is questionable. To me it bore a disturbing resemblance to the addresses on the same subject delivered in 1928 by the Honorable Herbert Hoover. He also promised to mobilize the best talent and attack the problem from every angle. His program eventuated, as everyone knows, in the government losing more than a quarter of a billion dollars speculating in the grain and cotton markets. It seemed to me that Friendly Frank was hinting to the farmers that he was for the equalization fee, while avoiding an open statement to that effect. After all, the fee plan is not wholly disreputable: Owen D. Young has indorsed it, and—take it from a reporter who covered the Senate investigation of the radio trust—Owen D. is no red radical. The fact is that Roosevelt enjoys a tremendous political advantage in the fact that the country knows Hoover, and knows precisely what to expect if he is reelected. He enjoys another tremendous advantage in the fact that his personality is pleasing, that he has a sense of humor, and that obviously he is a very decent fellow. When he is placed beside the sour and devious Hoover the contrast is almost startling. Nevertheless, it might be reassuring to hear him tell just where he does stand on the pressing issues (excepting prohibition) of the campaign. The fact that Hoover won't is all the more reason why Roosevelt should. Indeed, all participants in a Presidential race should be prohibited from wearing gumshoes.

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TO be awakened from one's dreams by the coughing of gassed babies must be rather terrifying. The Administration's incredible attempt to persuade the country (and possibly itself) that the ragged men, women, and children who were bombed out of Washington on the dreadful midnight of July 28 included "an extraordinary proportion of criminal and Communist elements," can be attributed only to stark panic. Aside from that mad adventure, Attorney-General Mitchell's tortuous effort to justify it must be set down as the deadliest blunder of the campaign. The vision and tact of the Administration are fairly measured by the circumstances that an episode which was planned as a master campaign stroke became within a month the source of its deepest anxiety. But the lie factory simply cannot turn out a finished product. With all his boasted glibness Mitchell's performance succeeded no better than those of Hurley, Joslin, and Davison. His principal accomplishment was to draw from Chief of Police Glassford a complete and devastating reply, showing that there was less crime in Washington while the veterans were here than after the expulsion, and that the percentage of veterans indicted for actual crimes was vastly smaller than that of the Harding Cabinet to which Mr. Hoover belonged, or even of Hoover's own original Cabinet. (Twenty per cent of the Harding Cabinet was indicted; 10 per cent of the original Hoover Cabinet has been indicted.) Considering what the unemployed veterans and their families had already suffered, the meanness of the effort to paint them as criminals is shocking. That anyone could expect to make political capital out of such an effort is inexplicable. I note that the gallant Hurley, after twice exposing himself to the boos of the American Legion convention, slunk out of Portland, but before departing he declared on his "word of honor" that not a single veteran's shack was fired by the troops. Concerning the quality of Pat's "honor" I am uncertain, but I am quite certain that the troops took drums of kerosene to Pennsylvania Avenue and Anacostia, and that soon after their arrival at the first camp an infantryman entered a drug-store and purchased a carton of matches. However, my testimony is not needed. At the moment when Hurley was pledging his "word of honor," the War Department was in possession of an affidavit by Private Thomas E. Davis, Company M, Twelfth

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Infantry, stating that he fired huts at Third and Pennsylvania avenues by order of his commanding officer. On top of this comes a statement from General Moseley, who is acting as Chief of Staff while the valiant MacArthur parades his decorations before the astounded natives of Prague and Warsaw. "We have nothing to apologize for," says General Moseley. "The huts were fired by troops in reserve. Troops were in waves. The last wave was ordered to burn down the hovels." The preceding waves, it should be added, had gone through with bayonets and tear gas. To oust Glassford for telling the truth would be an act of fright and desperation, but any policeman will testify that there is no one so dangerous as a coward with a gun.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH Ogden Mills undoubtedly is a much abler man than his predecessor in the Treasury, he seems to have inherited Uncle Andy's ineptitude at estimating the federal revenues. When the Senate, during the last session, accepted Ogden's schedule of new taxes, we were told emphatically that the nation was assured of "a balanced budget." Indeed, I clearly recall that May day when Mills, emerging triumphantly from an executive session of the Senate Finance Committee, informed the poor, ignorant reporters in the anteroom that his "peace offering" had been accepted, and that the added levies would yield $1,025,000,000 in new annual revenue, which would meet the approximate requirements of the government. A tremendous sigh of relief issued from each reportorial breast. For months we had (at a modest wage) followed the Administration's heroic efforts to "balance the budget." Alas for optimism! It now appears that there is a Treasury deficit of approximately $400,000,000 for the first sixty days of the new fiscal year. Consequently, the next session of Congress must again face the job of increasing taxes and reducing expenditures. Nevertheless, it seems to me that Mills has a sound alibi. When one man is suddenly required to perform the same campaign services that were performed four years earlier by William E. Borah and Charles Evans Hughes, he cannot waste much time on figures.

Skimmed Milk and Watered Stocks

By E. R. McINTYRE

THERE are two kinds of stock in the dairy business as it is conducted today. One is the stock that produces the milk, the other is the stock that produces profits. The old wheeze about watering the milk applies exactly to the methods adopted by the officials and controllers of the dominant dairy trusts of America, who are in a position to water their gilt-edge paper stock much more effectively than any farmer could ever water his milk.

The reason why the stock of the principal national dairy trusts has been such a good investment lies in the hold they have upon all the centralized metropolitan and subsidiary markets, plus the unorganized state of dairy production, with its so-called "bargaining" cooperatives which agree to the ineffectual and harmful systems of price determination largely in vogue. The consumer has little to do with it, since the rate of consumption, except for the producer, seldom alters the general situation.

The system of holding-company finance has converted many local officers of distributing companies into outright speculators. These men, who were on the ground floor when the process began, took advantage of the chance to exchange stock in the operating company for holding-company shares, and have been playing the spot market ever since for all possible gains.

As a result, even those managers who were once rather close to farmers and shared with them the rise and fall in the fortunes of the dairy business, have long since, by means of stock manipulation, ceased to plod the slow pathway traveled by their cow-owning associates. An official of a milk-distributing company in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, began to invest in his company's stock fifteen years ago. His first real harvest came when a national chain became the holding company and he traded in his stock for a share in the bigger venture. Special audits have shown that during a period of eight years profits, accruals, and increment on 1,000 shares in his name have brought him total profits of $450,000. Aside from his direct salary, which was a generous one, this particular "milk man" has netted an average of $50,000 a year in stock values and cash dividends, including a profit of $32,000 through the sale of a few hundred shares in 1930. It is not likely that he worried much about the producers during this interval of rapid accumulation.

So much for 1,000 *shares* of stock. How did 1,000 *head* of stock contributing to the same business pay out in that period? One thousand cows owned by about fifty dairy farmers, according to the usual size of a herd in the Milwaukee area, yielded during the same period of eight years about 60 hundredweight of milk each per year, or 60,000 hundredweight. The net farm price of milk averaged $2 for 100 pounds, of which only $1 represented net profit above feed and labor costs, making a profit of $60,000 a year for eight years, or a total of $480,000. But this sum divided among fifty farmers meant a yield of only $9,600 for each farmer for eight years, or $1,200 a year per farmer. Furthermore, the taxes on farm equipment and live stock of the producers who were netting $1,200 a year had to be paid each and every year, while the speculators who were making $50,000 a year in paper stock were always able to deduct dividends received from the corporation in making out their income-tax returns.

It has been truly said that farmers themselves cannot erect and long maintain a monopoly in any common food commodity; but it is easily possible for organized groups of farmers situated as the fluid-milk producers are to become unwitting and helpless cogs in a flawless and well-oiled machine of privately managed profit-taking corporations.

Since 1920 the movement to gain absolute control of the distribution of all fluid milk and dairy commodities within the principal metropolitan consuming centers has proceeded with consummate success. Today about five chain

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organizations dominate the distribution of milk, cream, butter, and cheese throughout the leading cities of the Northern and Western States. They have within their control and dictate to a great degree the market for nearly 10 per cent of the intensive producers of raw material. The remaining 90 per cent feel indirectly the effect of this control, and they actually lose money when surplus milk by-products are thrown back upon them from the fluid-milk centers to depress and narrow their prices for condensed milk, butter, sweet cream, and cheese.

Within the past decade a national federation of fluid-milk producers has been formed to seek mutual protection in legislation, and to exchange price quotations and experience in collective bargaining, market conditions, and standards. In a few cases member associations have taken hold of the distribution of the milk as well as its production, but as a rule the procedure is to bargain with private dealers on price and to work out systems of regulating the supply. In most cases they are obliged to deal with members of a chain. Owing to the quality demands of the leading fluid-milk markets, the member producers surrounding those markets have found production costs higher for them than for producers in outlying zones where milk goes to cheese factories, creameries, and condenseries. Hence the rule has been for the association to set a higher base price for the milk used in the city's bottled supply and to sell the remainder at a surplus price somewhere near the prevailing butter-fat quotation.

In times like these the maintenance of such an artificial price margin in places adjacent to large supplies of manufactured-price milk has been almost as difficult as to dam Niagara Falls. But at this point the obliging civic-ordinance committees and boards of health have stepped in, to throw a screen around the milk shed. This development has been hailed at times by cooperative producers as a form of protection for the industry. But it is a very flexible screen. When milk is scarce and dealers want to import it in tank cars from long distances, the health authorities conveniently issue inspection permits. When consumption lags and milk is plentiful close to the city, the same authority is invoked to shut out the very milk it had admitted before. The chief beneficiary of this elastic system is the dealer.

Armed with local authority and backed by high finance, the operating companies that control each local zone are able to arrange that whatever money may at times be lost on whole-milk distribution is easily doubled and trebled in profits on commodities derived from low-cost surplus milk. The following example of procedure is typical—I have used specific prices prevailing in Milwaukee as of June, 1932.

The base price for fluid milk was $1.75 and the surplus price was 55 cents per 100 pounds, less the hauling charge of 20 cents per 100. A large share of all the surplus milk was utilized by the dealer as sweet cream. The retail selling price of cream testing 22 per cent was 13 cents a half-pint or $2.08 a gallon. For the cream which the dealer sold for $2.08 a gallon to consumers, the cost price was 29 cents, for the reason that in one gallon of 22 per cent cream there are 1.84 pounds of fat. Since 100 pounds of 3.5 per cent milk bought from farmers cost 55 cents, the cost of each pound of fat was only 15.7 cents. The difference between the dealer's sale price of $2.08 and the 29 cents which was the cost price represents $1.79 gross profit, or 86 per cent of the sales price—a handsome profit in 1932.

To illustrate the process in another illuminating way: Each 100 pounds of 3.5 per cent milk cost the dealer 55 cents, but the farmer had to pay 20 cents for hauling and 2 cents more for his association dues and advertising fund, leaving him 33 cents net. The dealer averaged 1.89 gallons of 22 per cent cream from each 100 pounds of milk. Sold in half-pints, the value to the dealer of this surplus milk was $3.94 gross minus 55 cents cost price, or $3.39 gross margin. Thus, the dealer's income from the 100 pounds of milk was eleven times as much as the producer's. At that rate, the farmer member of a cooperative "bargaining" association got exactly 11 cents for a sixteen-quart pail of milk, leaving the dealer free to skim off the cream in more ways than one.

When the dealer finds that he has an excess amount of cream left over from this surplus milk that the "bargaining" farmers have delivered to him for 55 cents, perhaps he makes some butter out of it. Or maybe he ships the cream into another market. In either event he helps to ruin the market for the outlying farmers beyond the limits of his own milk shed. He could really afford to dump it after taking such a heavy margin, but that, of course, is not the way of a highly efficient national chain.

What is to be done about this destructive price-juggling system? Everyone who is aware of the true state of affairs wants to know. Commissions and bureaus set up by some States, and in league with the Federal Farm Board's dairy-market experts, have no answer for it. Their only counsel to militant dairymen suffering under this monstrous maladjustment is "Remember your responsibility to your own market." When the producers' association in the St. Louis milk shed was battling with a stubborn private distributor in 1931, the managers of one of the dairy chains shipped milk from northern Wisconsin down into Missouri to break the farmers' small vestige of control. Responsibility ought to work both ways, but there seems to be no determination or power resting with the "saviors" of agriculture to prevent its being abused by the milk trust.

To provide an adequate supply of pure milk at reasonable prices is one of the greatest social questions of the age. If milk is a universal, indispensable food, then its sound economic position becomes a universal, inescapable problem for all. Equitably managed, the industry would easily weather the economic storm. Big dairy mergers have contributed better sanitation to the milk business, but so have intensive dairymen producing the raw material under severe regulations to hold their markets. Big dairy mergers have put thrift and business acumen into the improvement of the enterprise; but so have dairy farmers in breeding better cattle and keeping careful records. Big dairy mergers have expanded the capital structure and equipment of their plants and services; but thousands of dairymen have done relatively as much on far less means.

In many sections of the West dairymen, panic-stricken at getting only 50 cents a 100 pounds and pressed by debts and family needs, are breaking through to the consumer with so-called "bootleg" milk and cream. Wild schemes of milk-pooling and dumping are afloat among farmers, price wars are imminent, strikes and even violence have ensued.

Daring plans for taking control of the distribution of city milk by farmers' companies so as to escape the toll taken by the monopoly in salaries, stocks, and dividends are usually frustrated through lack of capital or experience. Further-

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more, the erection of added new distributing facilities at extra expense might not result in victory but only plunge the producers deeper into difficulties.

Appeals to the various existing market outlets in the interests of stability for the dairy industry have fallen on deaf ears. The milk dealers are competing as far as getting cheap milk is concerned, but they are thoroughly agreed among themselves to keep the upper hand and to throttle all initiative or understanding among farmers. Consumers are chiefly interested at present in cheaper milk; dealers are concerned mostly with stocks and margins. The farmer's only resort lies in appeal to a thoughtless public. Some degree of stability must somehow be achieved in the dairy business or the whole industry may turn sour.

If the distributors will stop their effort to prevent producers from controlling their own products to the market entrance; if they will recognize that producers share in the good-will of the consumers and are equally jealous of keeping it; if the dealers will remember that the farmer has a real concern in good distribution and fair labor costs; and if and when the producers find that they are not obliged to pay swollen dividends out of shallow pockets toward an over-capitalized system—then perhaps the dairy industry will become stabilized.

In the Driftway

MOST of the world has learned to cherish rivers. In France particularly they are treasured by the cities through which they happen to flow. The classic example, of course, is Paris, where the Seine and its bridges play such a vital part in the life of the city. In the mind as well as on postcards, Paris is more often than not remembered in terms of the Seine and its ever-changing aspects. The Drifter's most persistent memory of that charmed city is of his first arrival there. He was fortunate enough to enter at the Gare Quai d'Orsay at sunset, when the river, its embankments, and the domes of Paris as far as the eye could see were bathed in rosy light. Likewise he remembers a picnic he once witnessed on the little island which lies under one of the long bridges across the Seine—the Pont Neuf if he remembers correctly. A party consisting of mère and père, two children, and a mild gray cat led by a string took up what seemed accustomed places against the embankment, next to the stream, opened a basket, and settled down for a quiet supper on the quiet bank of a beautiful river in the middle of one of the world's greatest cities.

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RIVERS have played a tremendous part in the development of America, and probably no country has so many beautiful streams. But rivers in this country, outside the remotest mountains, are used almost exclusively for commercial purposes. In an American city, the river, like the railroad, runs through the most unsightly part; it is a dumping place for refuse and for human derelicts as well. And imagine a picnic beside one of our finest rivers, the Hudson, in our largest city, New York. For most of the island's length, of course, it is impossible to get near the river. Commerce owns it all. When finally the piers end and the river comes into view, it is cut off by the track of a railroad that owns the river bank for miles. And even if one could get to its shores, it would be unsafe to use it even for bathing for the reason that the largest modern city in the world dumps its sewage in Hendrik Hudson's river to be carried out to sea, polluting a dozen bathing beaches as it goes.

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A RIVER is one of nature's finest manifestations. There is no more pleasant or reassuring accompaniment to life than a stream running steadily past one's door. Continuity and permanence, variety and peace, all are to be found in the daily life of a river. One of the Drifter's settlings down will certainly be on the edge of a broad stream or a swift brook which will carry off his cares every night and bring him fresh delights, including brook trout, each morning. Until that time, he is willing to be a charter and fighting member of any good Society for the Rescue of American Rivers.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The System Is Doomed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to take vigorous exception to the closing remarks in your article Free Trade at Ottawa, in your issue of August 31, in which you say: "The British Empire cannot help itself at the expense of world trade. Both must prosper together, and that can be achieved, not by partitioning markets, but by lowering artificial trade barriers." This is on all fours with the argument so often made that this country should lower its tariff sufficiently to permit other nations to send us goods with which to pay their debts and to enable us to rehabilitate our export trade.

Have you ever stopped to consider that each capitalist country has a surplus production which its workers are unable to consume because of their insufficient income, and which the capitalists in spite of their riotous standard of living are likewise unable to absorb? Can you not see that it would be piling Pelion on Ossa to admit the production of other countries into the already overburdened home market?

That is the trouble with the capitalist system today. It is in a dilemma from which it cannot escape; no amount of tariff tinkering will solve the problem of markets for the surplus production of the workers. No matter what the capitalists, their political henchmen, or their editorial advisers may say or do, the system is doomed. Its extinction is only a matter of years.

Montvale, N. J., August 31 OTTO DITTMANN

Thomas for President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will those people in Cincinnati and immediate vicinity who are interested in the candidacy of Norman Thomas for President get in touch with me, either by mail or telephone, with a view to organizing a non-Socialist committee to aid in his election? My address is 845 Dayton Street, Cincinnati. Telephone: West 0983-W.

Cincinnati, August 31 MARY D. BRITE

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For Tom Mooney

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On August 14, the last day of the Olympic games, during a lull after the awards of victory, six boys and girls ran around the track wearing banners bearing the words, Free Tom Mooney. They reached their seats again and were arrested, while the final event, the parade of the nations, proceeded.

Through the courage of these young people the world heard at least one protest against the imprisonment of Tom Mooney. The names of a great many intellectual leaders who also protest against this injustice are mounted on signs at Olive Hill, Hollywood, but that is a silent protest and a safe one. Youth is more direct.

After a trial lasting two weeks and marked from start to finish by shocking bias, the court gave the defendants the maximum sentences, 90 days and 180 days, to run consecutively. In addition, Meyer Baylin was given a jail sentence of 100 days because of contempt of court and Ethel Dell a sentence of 50 days. To show how thorough he is, the judge, who is an appointee of Governor Rolph, set bail at $1,000 pending appeal.

Los Angeles, August 31 N. Higman

Young Progressive League

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having realized the necessity of a strong liberal youth movement in this nation, we have formed the Young Progressive League. The purpose of the league is to acquaint its members with the true facts and then to fight for the election of progressive men and women.

Young people between the ages of thirteen and sixteen may become members regardless of sex, race, creed, or nationality. Perhaps some of your younger readers who are already interested in current affairs may wish to join or at any rate receive information regarding this organization. If so, they should address me at 896 Fox Street. Information will gladly be sent them and their interest will be appreciated.

New York, August 31 Irving Ellentuck

False Economy

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We wish to call to your attention the situation that exists among the teachers of New York City. There are at present 10,000 unemployed teachers, of whom 5,000 have been denied licenses through the elimination tests of the Board of Education. The Board of Education has not made any appointments for the coming term, and it is probable that it will not make any appointments during the year 1933. Three hundred and ten teachers licensed in 1928 will lose their licenses this December. If the board continues its present policy, there is a great danger that all those teachers on subsequent lists will also lose their licenses and never be appointed. Furthermore, the board has announced that it will not give any teacher examinations in 1933, thus preventing those who have failed in the elimination tests from repeating them. Four hundred teachers who have held "permanent substitute" positions have lost these positions because of the board's policy of consolidating and increasing the register of classes. This increase in the pupil load will not only create more difficult tasks for the teachers employed, but will also very seriously hamper their efficiency. Thus, the sufferers are not only the employed and unemployed teachers, but the 1,000,000 school children as well.

In this situation it is imperative that the city and State governments immediately take measures to remedy these conditions. In the coming State elections, in which one of the major issues will be economy in the government, it should be the task of the political parties to insure that these economies shall not be effected at the expense of the educational system and the teachers.

The Unemployed Teachers Association calls upon the political parties to include in their State and local platforms the following planks:

1. No economies in education at the expense of the school children and the teachers.
2. Appointment of all teachers before their licenses expire.
3. Immediate relief at the expense of the State for all unemployed teachers, licensed or unlicensed.
4. Reduction of class registers throughout the school system to a maximum of thirty.

Unemployed Teachers Association

New York, September 1

Lectures on Russia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *Nation* readers in San Francisco and the Bay district will be interested to know that the American-Russian Institute for Cultural Relations between the two countries, founded here on the initiative of Dr. Ralph Reynolds, is planning a series of lectures under the auspices of the institute by people who have visited Russia. The series will begin in the present month with a lecture by Mrs. Lincoln Steffens (Ella Winter). It is expected that one lecture of this kind will be given each month during the season.

The institute, occupying Room 210, Woman's City Club, 465 Post Street, near the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, will be open every week day. It has on hand a number of books dealing with various phases of Russian culture under the U. S. S. R., exhibits of art under the Soviet, et cetera. The educational exhibit (Russian) now being shown at branches of the institute in the East will later on be brought to San Francisco.

Nation readers living in this region can help promote wider knowledge of Soviet cultural achievement by bringing their friends to the institute headquarters and securing programs of its activities. Mrs. Rose Isaak is now in charge and will gladly give whatever information may be desired.

William Thurston Brown

San Francisco, September 10

Prohibition Ballyhoo

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The ballyhoo about the resubmission of the Eighteenth Amendment seems to me to be a waste of time and energy. All the votes for resubmission are futile. There is only one way to repeal the amendment and that is to submit a new one by a two-thirds' vote of Congress and send it to the States for ratification. All this talk about resubmission only serves to blind the people to the real issue before the nation—and that is our economic conditions. I hope *The Nation* will see it in that light and show it up.

Cleveland, Ohio, August 16 B. F. Thompson

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For the Defense of Political Prisoners

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The California branch of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners is fighting police terrorism, political imprisonment, and discrimination against political prisoners within the walls of San Quentin and Folsom, and also cooperating to aid the Scottsboro victims.

It has been instrumental in securing the release on parole of three of the Imperial Valley prisoners within the last month. Tetsuiji Hariuchi, who was scheduled for deportation to Japan, was saved from imprisonment or death in that country by a change of destination to Soviet Russia. The committee raised the funds for his passage.

All Californians desiring to assist in this work are requested to send funds to Anita Whitney, Treasurer, 74 Macondray Lane, San Francisco. Information as to local conditions would also be welcomed.

San Francisco, August 21 Orrick Johns

The World Jewish Congress

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial comment on the World Jewish Conference in your issue of September 14 indicates a complete lack of understanding of the conference and congress and of the opposition to both, which is unworthy of *The Nation*. The mere use of the terms world Jewish conference and world congress is misleading, inasmuch as they imply that world Jewry is represented at these conclaves. As a matter of record, the opposition far outnumbers the supporters.

You unjustly impugn the opposition by giving it credit for little courage and less intelligence, failing to see that as much courage was required in keeping off the congress band-wagon as in hitching on, and that honest and sound reasoning might just as well have led Jews to oppose the conference as to uphold it. As a publication known for presenting honest analyses of important problems and exposing shams, *The Nation* ought to go into this question more deeply.

New York, September 14 Albert Allen

Contributors to This Issue

John Gunther is Vienna correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*.

Saul Carson is a member of the staff of the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* and author of a biography of Spinoza which will be published this year.

E. R. McIntyre is editor of a Wisconsin farm journal.

C. Hartley Grattan is the author of "Why We Fought."

Clara Gruening Stillman is the author of "Samuel Butler."

Lionel Trilling is now teaching at Columbia University.

Melville J. Herskovits is in the department of anthropology at Northwestern University.

Benjamin Ginzburg is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

Arthur Warner, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is author of "A Landlubber's Log."

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MAURICE HINDUS, RICHARD VON KUHLMANN, JULIUS CURTIUS, GEORGE SOKOLSKY, CARLETON BEALS, etc.

Literature—
JOHN DRINKWATER ("Literature and Life," 4 lectures); JOHN ERSKINE ("American Spokesmen," 5 lectures); LOUIS ANSPACHER ("Shakespeare, Man of His Hour," 4 lectures); DOROTHY CANFIELD, RUPERT HUGHES, EVA LE GALLIENNE, WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, etc.

The Arts—
WALTER PACH ("Trends in Modern Art," 4 lectures); EUGENE STEINHOF ("Architecture and Space," 2 lectures); DANIEL GREGORY MASON ("Great Composers," 4 lecture-recitals); JOHN MARTIN, MARTHA GRAHAM, DORIS HUMPHREY, AGNES DeMILLE, CHARLES WEIDMAN ("The Modern Dance in America," 4 lecture-recitals); etc.

Science and Exploration—
ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM ("Biology in Human Affairs," 4 lectures); DR. ARTHUR COMPTON, ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, JULIAN HUXLEY, FATHER HUBBARD, "the glacier priest"; HERBERT SPENCER DICKEY, etc.

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Books, Drama, Films

Epilogue

By FRANCES FROST

When under a sky more savage than a hawk,
The woods are a pattern of sorrow and secret dawn,
Then is my soul, of wounds and inward war,
Cleansed by the driven image of the sun.

And I am witness of the shape of love
Which, like that planet, burns above the storm:
Excessive fire, by midnight unremoved
From a constant heaven radiant and warm.

Then is the enduring ecstasy revealed
Where the homesick heart's four stricken quarters were,
While morning breaks in full triumphant flood
Upon this patient, earthen, and leafless star.

Another Charlotte Brontë

Charlotte Brontë. By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Company. $4.

FOR three-quarters of a century the image of Charlotte Brontë which has existed in the mind of readers of the English novel has been the image placed there by Mrs. Gaskell in 1857. Mr. Benson, who after careful examination of the Brontë documents, adds to and subtracts from that picture, would be the first to admit that Mrs. Gaskell's memoir presented on the whole a faithful picture of life as it was lived in the remote parsonage on the moors. Mrs. Gaskell said that it was a bleak and unfriendly life, one which quite understandably could have nourished the strange genius of Emily and have encouraged the pathological shyness of all three of the sisters. And when Mr. Benson has finished his story, the life is still bleak and unfriendly, the moors seem an altogether proper environment, Emily is still strange, and Charlotte is still pathologically shy.

At two important points, however, Mr. Benson and Mrs. Gaskell differ. The latter dutifully described the years that Charlotte spent in Brussels at the Pensionnat Héger. But although she carefully read all of Charlotte's letters written during that time, including four vital ones to M. Paul Héger, and even quoted from some of them, she left out the supremely interesting fact, to students of the Brontës and particularly to readers of "Villette," that Charlotte, the reserved, the shy, the inarticulate, had undergone a period of torture as a result of her unrequited love for her schoolmaster. Nor is it hard to understand why Mrs. Gaskell left out this astonishing period in the life of her heroine. She was writing shortly after Charlotte's death, while the Reverend Arthur Nichols, Charlotte's husband, and the Reverend Patrick Brontë, her father, were still alive. They knew not a word of the pitiful love story, of Charlotte's importunities and of M. Héger's stony lack of response. What is the faithful biographer to do in such a case? Mrs. Gaskell, by her unguarded and careless statements on several other points, got herself threatened with more than one libel action. But in the Héger matter she simply was silent. After seventy-five years, Mr. Benson need be less scrupulous; and a highly important episode in Charlotte Brontë's life can be revealed to us.

The other interesting point developed by Mr. Benson concerns the authorship of "Wuthering Heights." By careful study of the existing documents, including letters from Branwell Brontë, the only brother, who came to such an unhappy end, he develops with considerable persuasion the theory that Branwell was the author at least of the first two chapters of Emily's unforgettable story. This does not detract in the least from its wild, triumphant power, but it helps to explain certain inconsistencies in style and an otherwise inexplicably awkward plot structure. Emily remains Emily. Mr. Benson makes her even more reserved, more silent. He effectively explodes Mrs. Gaskell's pretty story of the intimacy that existed between Emily and Charlotte. Anne was Emily's confidante; for Branwell, unlike the intransigent Charlotte, Emily had always pity and gentleness. When she was dying and Charlotte was full of loving eagerness to nurse her she would have no nursing. Charlotte's description of this last proud illness is worth quoting, both for the facts it reveals about both of them and because it is Charlotte's style at its best:

> Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly, she made haste to leave us. Yet while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of love and wonder. The awful point was that while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity: the spirit was inexorable to the flesh: from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eye, the same service was exacted as in health. To stand by and witness this and not dare to remonstrate was a pain no words can render. . . .

A strange pair, a strange household, a strange flower of genius that bloomed there for a short while. Mr. Benson recreates it all with admirable skill, with evident care, with reserve yet with a proper eloquence.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Sunday Paper

The Family Circle. By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

THE longest novel that André Maurois has written is unusually easy to read and unusually hard to summarize. It moves with a legerity that is characteristically French; indeed, it conforms almost perfectly to the popular notion of what a French novel should be. Yet for all the finesse and clarity of its individual parts, it lacks as a whole the first ingredient that would seem to be presupposed in such a work, i. e., unity. For example, I am unable to explain exactly what the title means, though I am aware that it is vaguely ironical. The story is supposed to be a psychological study of a woman whose life is poisoned because in childhood she discovers her mother's unfaithfulness to her father, and who ends by inflicting the selfsame torture upon her daughter. Yet one needs only half an eye to see that Denise Herpain and her "complex" serve M. Maurois merely as a convention, somewhat like the plot of a musical comedy, while he seeks to hold his audience with other legerdemain. He is far too astute a showman to expect the members of the best-seller public to be kept entertained these days by a "straight" psychological study of an adulteress, à la Flaubert. So we allow the feature film, as it were, to drift into the background, and settle back to follow the newsreel flashes of intellectual chatter, especially designed for the populace, that take command of the screen. A statistical analysis, I

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believe, would show a preponderance of the book's pages devoted to this chatter, for it enters much of the "narrative" as well. It covers every conceivable topic of the day, from Proust to Hoover, from unemployment to romanticism.

> In the secret ballot personal grievances play a much greater part than abstract principles. In the secret ballot the desire to catch a train is put before the salvation of Europe. . . .
> . . . and what I aim at showing is that we are God's Robots.
> . . . It's a fine idea, Bertrand. You must write the play.
> But do you imagine that communism would bring the slightest relief, say, to England's troubles? Communism, my dear fellow, would mean the end of England.
> Hullo, you have Pilniak's book about the Volga. I found it exceptionally good.

In the end we wonder if it is a novel we are reading; is it not the Sunday newspaper?

GERALD SYKES

How Possible Is Peace?

The Causes of War. By Sir Arthur Salter and Others. A Publication of the World Conference for International Peace Through Religion. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

FOR a people who know a good deal about the consequences of war, we are singularly little interested in the causes of it. I doubt that there are ten thousand readers in the United States who have conscientiously studied any of the several excellent works on the outbreak of the World War. Consequently I have little hope that this brief notice will persuade many to look into "The Causes of War."

Of course, I do not mean to imply that this little book is a scripture. It is, indeed, far from perfect, and errs on the side of conventionality rather than the reverse. But all in all it is a good job, and never becomes as unrealistic in its discussions as the skeptical might suspect from the name of the group that published it. Several times in these pages I have inveighed against all religious and idealistic diatribes against war on the ground that they fail to place the emphasis where it belongs: they fail to take sufficient account of the fact that war is economic in basis and that peace must be economic likewise.

In the opening chapter Sir Arthur Salter classifies the causes of wars in the past under four headings: religious, dynastic, political, and economic. He sees the first two causes as practically eliminated in the contemporary world, the third as of decreasing importance except as a camouflage for the fourth, which is, in the last analysis, the factor which must be reckoned with by all those who are for peace. "If we take a longer view," he writes, "we shall see that the importance of the economic factor is likely to increase steadily, and ultimately to constitute the central problem of the peace of the world." Moreover, he recognizes that while preventive machinery is desirable, the real problem is "whether the normal life of the world is, or is not, such as to create deep and intensely felt divergences of policy and interest." The present-day world is, as all recognize, so constructed that divergences of policy and interest are more characteristic than a community of policy and interest.

This is the discouraging aspect of the whole situation, and makes pessimists of many who are quite willing to fight for peace in print and out. In valuable chapters G. A. Johnson shows how industrial and labor influences nourish divergences of policy, C. F. Andrews illustrates how racial influences work toward that end, and Alfred Zimmern demonstrates how even "culture" can produce that result. There seem to be no rushlights in this darkness. It is impossible to imagine that there can be peace as long as the world is characterized by varying standards of living, by the drive toward industrialization and the consequent search for foreign markets, by racial conflicts which, while perhaps not biological particularly, still carry terrific emotional burdens and exacerbate economic conflicts as in South Africa and dictate foreign policies as in Australia, and by pretentions to cultural superiority on the part of Europeans who have never for one moment tried to define wherein their superiority justifies the suppression of other peoples. Certainly there cannot be peace on the basis of any religious reconciliation of differences, as several of the contributors to this volume dutifully hint.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Lady Caroline

Lady Caroline Lamb. By Elizabeth Jenkins. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

THERE are characters toward whom it is impossible to be neutral. They seem to us unique, with a rich endowment of qualities strangely juxtaposed, a heightened emphasis, a peculiar balance, a vitality that compels a vital response. One cannot think of them without strong feeling, sympathy, love, admiration, or an irritation and repulsion as great.

Lady Caroline Lamb was such a person. Until now she has been known to the general reader only through her chapter in the life of Byron and, of late, in Michael Sadleir's "Life of Bulwer-Lytton," a treatment calculated to throw into high relief all that was most eccentric and unbridled in her nature, the streak of madness of which the most tragic element was that she was never really quite mad, that "the blend of acuteness and frenzy" which Galt said composed her character subjected her throughout her life to the double suffering of uncontrollable impulses and unsparing self-knowledge.

In this biography we have the first full-length portrait of Lady Caroline, and in it the "frenzy" by which she has been chiefly known to posterity becomes something very different when seen in its relation to her character as a whole and to her background. Her mother, Lady Bessborough, was a sister of Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Caroline was partly brought up by her aunt and spent some years of her youth surrounded by the brilliant, fashionable life of Devonshire House. Her aunt was "wild and loving"; her mother, if not wild, was a warm-hearted, emotional woman. Their intelligence had an eighteenth-century grace and sophistication which Lady Caroline inherited, complicated, however, with the unfathomable currents of a surging romanticism, the beginnings of the nineteenth century.

She was even as a child of such a high-strung sensibility that a doctor decreed she should be taught nothing and never coerced, and she relates that she learned nothing until she was fifteen, existing freely in a world in which she thought people were "either dukes or beggars" and where she, as one of the "first-rates," had everything. She was charming, with short golden curls and large dark eyes and a nymph-like figure too slight for the feminine ideal of the day. Her fragile and piquant charm is shown by her nicknames—Sprite, Ariel, Squirrel. She had a lovely voice and a fashionable drawl—which the future Lady Byron, who did not like her, compared to a lamb's baa—a complete naturalness of manner and indifference to convention often misunderstood, a daring and mischievous wit, a sensitive intelligence, and a love of beauty that often dissolved into tears over music or the loveliness of nature. There was an extraordinary sweetness about her when this was not obscured by passion or hysteria, in her affections, in her candor in admitting her errors, in her generosity of mind and heart, which she showed notably to Byron and to Byron's memory.

With an emotional equilibrium so precarious, the greatest joy could easily become pain, and even her marriage, which was one of great mutual love, occasioned a hysterical crisis and a

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period of nervous illness. With all her wildness she had at this time a childlike purity and innocence which she once accused her husband of having taken pleasure in destroying. However that may be, the picture of her drawn by Elizabeth Jenkins shows a strangely fascinating and lovable being, with many charms and an unusually gifted mind, and the "frenzy," the wild, uncontrollable side of her which ruined her, seems like something outside herself, a malign fate bent on destroying a nature fundamentally good, lovely, and even wise.

For how wise she could be afterward, as in her letter to Godwin near the end of her life, when she had lived through so much—Byron and Byron's death and his terrible attack on her recorded in Medwin's "Conversations," her agonizing self-reproaches at the pain she gave her husband and her mother whom she loved, the hatred and contempt of some of her closest relatives, and her son who grew up tall and beautiful with a mind that was never older than seven! And then in the end William Lamb, who had borne so much from her with such patience and tenderness, could bear no longer her increasing periods of violence, her laudanum, and her lovers. The separation put off so many times took place, and she had to leave Brocket, the country home she loved. He soon let her come back, though he would never live there with her again. And not long after she died, at the age of forty-three.

Lady Caroline's life is a tragedy of splendid gifts wasted, but she compels, in spite of all, not only love and pity but respect. In this charmingly written and sympathetic, but never uncritical, biography we have for the first time the whole woman and her spell made manifest. It will undoubtedly add to the number of those for whom the author wrote it—those who, like herself, so strongly feel the charm of Lady Caroline Lamb that they dislike those who dislike her.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

The British Sixties

The Eighteen-Sixties. Essays by Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature. Edited by John Drinkwater. The Macmillan Company. $4.

THE rather sharp separation which obtains in America between creative writer, critic, and scholar does not hold in England. There the tradition of the man of miscellaneous letters is still alive. Theoretically, this is admirable. It is certainly desirable for criticism and scholarship to be aerated by the creative mind and for the creative mind to be hardened by the disciplines of criticism and scholarship.

But this volume, the third in the series by the Royal Society of Literature, derives no virtue from the continuance of the tradition. This, however, is the fault only of the Royal Society. In the face of the members' determination to practice what is called polite letters, to be a little charming, a little familiar, and only a little thoughtful, it is hard for any good tradition to assert its efficacy. None of the essays is really bad, but none is really good, and all of them treat literature with that easy camaraderie which the English so often have (the result, sometimes, of being related to the Victorian masters), and which they so often substitute for thought. The only contributor who writes from a clear and formulated point of view is Sir John Fortescue, who uses the sporting novelist, George Whyte-Melville, as the text for a sermon on the beauties of Toryism, the unselfish joy of domestic service, and the civilizing influence of the horse.

Of the nine essays, the five which are simply historical are, on the whole, better than the four critical. The resuscitation of the forgotten critic, Eneas Sweetland Dallas, by Mr. Drinkwater, and Mr. Granville-Barker's study of Planché, best practitioner of the theatrical burlesque from which W. S. Gilbert evolved his satiric form, are perhaps the most successful of the historical essays. Their success is the simple one of clear presentation of comparatively new material. C. L. Graves's résumé of *Punch* in the sixties is a little dispirited. He has not managed to convey the vigor by which *Punch* mitigated its heavy respectability—its capacity for social anger (since lost) and its detailed cognizance of the minutiae of middle-class life. F. S. Boas's summation of the characteristics of the historians of the decade is fairly elementary, though lucid enough; Sir Oliver Lodge's discussion of the scientists of the period is not better than mediocre.

Of the critical essays, Humbert Wolfe's on Arthur Hugh Clough is reasonable, if not original, in its thesis that the two Arnolds had a bad effect on Clough and that probably he was a jollier person than is usually represented. Whether, without the influence of his friends, Clough would have "found a place beside Dryden and Byron" as a great satirist is a question which Mr. Wolfe does not satisfactorily answer. Professor Lascelles Abercrombie is so often an interesting critic that his dulness on Sir Henry Taylor (admittedly no exciting poet) can only be ascribed to the influence of the Royal Society. But even the Royal Society cannot excuse the wearisomeness of Walter de la Mare as, for fifty pages of very fancy prose, he delicately tastes, smacks his lips over, and rolls on his palate the early novels of Wilkie Collins. This is the wine-tasting school of criticism at its best and most boring.

LIONEL TRILLING

Melanesian Poets and Poisoners

Sorcerers of Dobu. By R. F. Fortune. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

THIS volume gives us additional information concerning the peoples who inhabit the island region to the east of New Guinea, making fuller the picture of their cultures that, commencing with the scientific work of C. G. Seligman, has been continued in the work of Malinowski, Armstrong, Margaret Mead, Jenness, and others. Its importance in this connection lies in the fact that the Dobuans inhabit an island which is not far from the center of this area, and thus the investigation merits, from its very geographical setting, the comment of Professor Malinowski, who, in his introduction to the book, states that it "supplies us the key to many riddles of Pacific culture."

Beginning with an analysis of Dobuan social organization, Mr. Fortune studies the manner in which the conflict between the family group and the matrilineal *susu,* or extended family, works out through mechanisms of bilocal residence and economic exchange, portraying the never-ending suspicions that mark village life, showing how it is from the frictions inherent in this situation that arise the sorcery and magic which play so overwhelming a part in the lives of the Dobuan people. Sorcery and magic invade the relationship between man and man, the contacts between man and woman; they are depended upon to insure the successful growth of the yam gardens which furnish the main food supply of the Dobuans, as they are depended upon to make successful the trading voyages of the Kula ring. This working out of magic and sorcery is portrayed throughout the entire volume, and it is from this aspect of the culture that the author has derived the title he has given his work.

As we are informed in the introduction, the approach to the data is the "functional" one, and in this volume one sees both the advantages and defects of the methodology to which this term has been given. Although Mr. Fortune sees the culture as a whole, there is, in common with most "functional" studies, an interlarding of ethnographic data with ethnological controversy that diverts the reader's attention from the description in hand. Why is it necessary, for example, for Mr. Fortune to

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mar his description of the social organization of Dobu by setting up and savagely attacking a straw man of mother-right? Again, there is a tendency to introduce what Professor Malinowski himself terms a "literary overweighting" that encourages the author to sacrifice relevant data to literary appeal, something that occurs, according to the author's own statements, several times in this book. Ethnologists, however, will be indebted to Mr. Fortune for his clear description of the ritual of the Kula trading expedition, though it is regrettable that he does not follow through with a description of what the actual trading is like. The chapter entitled Dance and Song, in which an analysis of the stylistic character of one type of Dobuan poetry is undertaken, must also be remarked. The data contained in this chapter are the more noteworthy because they necessitate translating highly intangible literary values from one language to another, and the presentation should stimulate further investigation into one of the most difficult problems known to students of primitive literature, the problem of style.

The writing of the book as a whole, however, falls short of the standard set by this chapter. Particularly difficult is the tendency of the author to coin involved terms for simple concepts. Instead of a well-accepted word such as "outsider," for instance, he employs "incomers." Worse, he uses terms like "those-resulting-from-marriage," with such derivative terms as "he-resulting-from-marriage," "she-resulting-from-marriage," and the like. Such a style does not make for an easier reading of what is the closely fitted report of a conscientious field worker.

At the same time, the value of this book must rest, not on its stylistic characteristics, but on the information it presents. That value I have indicated above, and for that reason it stands as a book which must be referred to if adequate knowledge of the Western Melanesian region is desired.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Exploding Skies

Kosmos. By Willem de Sitter. Harvard University Press. $1.75.

A HUNDRED years ago Auguste Comte sought to lay down the law to scientists that they should confine their studies to the bounds of the solar system, these being for him the outer limit of phenomena having a practical importance on earth. Needless to say astronomical science refused to heed this narrow-minded injunction. It had already launched on the exploration of the Milky Way, an exploration which was to lead step by step to the galactic system, then to the extra-galactic systems, and finally to the spiral nebulae whose recession has given us the present conception of the expanding universe. The work of charting the position of man and the earth in the total physical universe may be said to be complete today—if not complete against the surprises of the science of tomorrow, at least complete in its general intention of including the outermost limits of observation in the theoretical framework of science.

It is the story of the exploration of the stellar universe that forms the major theme of Dr. de Sitter's book, the history of the earlier astronomical science of the solar system serving only as an introduction to the cosmical problem. Although this theme is far more abstract and technical than the efforts to decipher the system of planetary motions, to which most histories of astronomy confine themselves, it is handled with great clarity by the author. Particularly illuminating is his treatment of the theory of the expanding universe, about which the layman has had only confused newspaper accounts.

Compared with works like those of Jeans, Eddington, and even Shapley, Dr. de Sitter's exposition may be said to lack dramatic human qualities. But this is in many ways an advantage. For it is rather dangerous to humanize astronomy, in the sense of developing a philosophic attitude for man out of purely astronomical data—just as dangerous as the old idea of modeling astronomical science on a philosophy of human interest. Far better to let astronomy tell its important story straightforwardly, and postpone human emotion until the moment of synthesis with the findings of all the other human activities.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

Real Lives

In Great Waters. Memoirs of a Master Mariner. By S. G. S. McNeil. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

Through the Hawse-Hole. The True Story of a Nantucket Whaling Captain. By Florence Bennett Anderson. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THE life of every merchant seaman which stretches back through the past half century has necessarily been full of change, to correspond with the revolutions that have taken place in shipping in that period, but "Sandy" McNeil's career seems to have been unusually varied. After ten years in sailing ships, he read aright the handwriting on the waves and went into steam, eventually joining the Cunard Line. The World War took him out of the merchant service, into mine-sweeping and convoying in the North and Mediterranean seas, and finally to be naval vice-consul at Fayal, where, almost single-handed, he coped with an influenza epidemic on a munitions steamer, the captain of which—himself sick—put in for help with only one engineer, two firemen, one deck officer, and two seamen able to do duty. After the war, when the Cunard Line shifted its base from Liverpool to Southampton, Captain McNeil acted as marine superintendent for the company in organizing the service at the latter port. Then he returned to sea until compulsory retirement at the age of sixty years took him from the bridge of the Mauretania. It sounds like a good life, and as presented by Captain McNeil it is an absorbing and satisfying story.

The author's war experiences have led him to pen some caustic paragraphs in regard to the British navy, but obviously he has allowed only a little of the resentment he felt at the time—and probably feels still in lesser degree—to trickle out. There is an age-old jealousy between the officers of the merchant services and the navies of both Great Britain and the United States. Naval officers look down on those of the merchant service as of inferior social position. Merchantmen laugh at naval officers as inferior seamen. In the war Captain McNeil was bossed and patronized by whippersnappers who, on the basis of their experience and ability at sea, would have been lucky to be fourth mates in the Cunard Line.

"During the late war," he writes, "the public money that had been expended on training the officers of the R. N. R. [made up from the merchant service] was largely thrown away." Fortunately, since the war, officers of the Royal Navy and the Royal Naval Reserve have been made to rank with each other, according to seniority.

The German naval equipment was superior to the British in every respect, thinks Captain McNeil. He says further that British losses from submarines were due largely to ignorance of the limitations of that type of vessel:

> It took more than two and one-half years to teach the value of zigzagging; and I believe that the opinion was general that the submarine was dashing about at anything from 10 to 17 knots under water, and was able to swing her torpedo tubes around just the same as a gun. With such a belief, obviously what was the use of zigzagging? . . .

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> It should have been impressed with much more vigor on all ships' commanders that the 1914-18 submarine was a more or less impotent weapon against a surface ship that could steam even 9 knots, provided that she used a suitable zigzag. . . .
>
> I remember during a hurried visit to England meeting an old shipmate.
>
> I said: "Hullo, what's your ship?"
>
> "The *S*," he replied. "Two nights ago I was torpedoed off the Ormes Head in the *C*."
>
> "Sorry, old man," I said. "But I thought you were in the *P* the last time I heard of you."
>
> "Oh yes, so I was," he replied. "But I was torpedoed off the north of Ireland while waiting for daylight."
>
> "Heavens!" I remarked in astonishment. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"
>
> This hurt him. "Ashamed?" he queried.
>
> "Yes," I said, "damned well ashamed. How are we going to win this war if you go and lose three fine passenger ships while looking for daylight? In my opinion," I wound up, "you ought to be damned well court-martialed for it."

The vitality of a career like that of Skipper McNeil is attested by the fact that one can turn without sense of incongruity from his book to the biography of Seth Pinkham, who shipped before the mast on a Nantucket whaler in 1800, when such a life was as real and earnest as the most robust could wish. Young Pinkham stuck to whaling until he captained his own ship and had amassed what, in his days, was a small fortune. When this disintegrated in a period of hard times, he went back to whaling at the age of fifty-three years, and died while returning home.

In presenting his biography, his great-granddaughter has searched old letters and recorded from word of mouth the recollections of Captain Pinkham's daughters. Although of less general interest than Captain McNeil's story, the book seems to be a conscientious and intelligent piece of work, in which the author has salvaged a bit of Americana well worth saving.

ARTHUR WARNER

Shorter Notices

The Theory and Practice of Modern Government. By Herman Finer. The Dial Press. Two volumes. $12.

This is an age of the encyclopedia, especially in the social sciences. In a recent book Professor Pipkin covered the field of social legislation in England and France. Beside this must now be placed these monumental volumes on administration in England, the United States, Germany, and France. As the author himself says of his work in his preface:

> Among the subjects never before treated with such care, some hardly at all, are State Activity, Constitutions, Federalism, Political Parties, Parliaments, the Executive, and the Civil Service in the Modern State. . . . Even where the topics have been treated before, the present study contains something new, be it in facts or interpretation, on every page.

Whether students will forthwith turn from their Bryce and Lowell to adopt Dr. Finer's more scientific method is perhaps questionable. This work is, however, of indubitable importance; it renders readily accessible material not before easily available; it is more thorough than Marriott's "Mechanism of the Modern State"; it is the product of immense industry. One lesson especially emerges from this conscientious study: the extreme delicacy of the governmental organization as it has grown up during the course of generations. Against the spread of corruption and the infectious lowering of standards the body politic appears to Dr. Finer to secrete no anti-toxins; he appears to have serious doubts whether men possess intelligence and self-control enough to manage, through the instruments of governments, the vast mechanism of contemporary civilization. After hesitating whether to prescribe Plato's system of governors as the only way of salvation, Dr. Finer ends with the more tempered recommendations of raising the voting age and of testing by examination the qualifications of prospective parliamentary candidates. This book is a 1,500-page warning against American democracy as politically practiced.

Native Tales of New Mexico. By Frank G. Applegate. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

New Mexico is rich ground for the writer of regional tales. Mr. Applegate's volume includes stories of Hopis and of Navajos, of Mexican villages and their saints, of prospectors, and of Tom Thumbs of folklore. Mary Austin's generous introduction promises more than the author can fulfil, and the tales will not be likely to captivate those who cannot add to these scenes a long and affectionate familiarity of their own.

The Heart of Scott's Poetry. By John Haynes Holmes. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

This is a valuable little collection of the best of Scott's poetry. The introduction by John Haynes Holmes is a well-written critical essay attempting to restate Scott's position as a poet and to summarize his particular virtues. Mr. Holmes shows how the rise of Byron and the popularity of Scott's own novels tended to obscure Scott's worth as a poet in his own times, how in the next generation, the vigor of Scott's verses was ignored because of the mode of personal, introspective lyrics. The editor places Scott as the last and greatest of the balladists. He revaluates the beauty of Scott's poetry in the light of modern criticism, and finds that for the impersonal, dramatic quality of his folk stories in verse Scott has few equals.

Drama

The Left Banksky

WHEN Samuel and Bella Spewack were the Russian correspondents for the New York *World* they doubtless interviewed the kulaks, took a look at Dnieperstroi, formed an opinion about the Five-Year Plan, and did all the other things that good correspondents are supposed to do. At the same time, however, they evidently kept one eye open to catch the lighter shades of local color, and it is upon the memory of these that they have drawn in composing the topical melodrama "Clear All Wires," which has just been produced with considerable eclat at the Times Square Theater.

From it one will learn nothing whatever about production and distribution in the U. S. S. R. Indeed, the shafts of satire go in so many different directions that neither the *Daily Worker* nor the D. A. R. will have any excuse for regarding the exhibition as insidious propaganda for or against the capitalist system. But the light-minded spectator will, on the other hand, get an amusing glimpse of the foibles of both commissars and foreign correspondents as they are revealed in the best room of the Savoy Hotel, Moscow, into which everybody drifts for the simple reason that it has a telephone which works and a real bath attached. Last year Mr. Elmer Rice delighted those in the know with his picture of a typical hostelry on the left bank of the Seine; now the Spewacks do something of the same sort for that more select group who can recognize the leather jacket of a bureaucrat when they see one, and—as a member of that selecter company—it seems to me that they have done a very amusing job.

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Soberly considered, there is doubtless not much to be said for the central tale of Buckley Joyce Thomas, the high-powered correspondent who descends upon Moscow, starts his series on "How I Lived with the Red Army" before he has got a refusal to his request to visit it for an afternoon, and finally overreaches himself when he arranges for the assassination of an alleged Last-of-the-Romanovs just in order to liven things up a bit. But then, on the other hand, such plays as this are not intended to be soberly considered, and, indeed, everything humanly possible is done to make it difficult for the spectator so to consider them. Everything happens very fast, surprising turn is added to surprising turn, and the authors give the hint that they will not be disappointed if one laughs at the melodramatic climaxes. There is, for example, a too devoted lady friend of the great Thomas whom he gets put on the train to Siberia, a commissar who almost gets in the way of the assassin's bullet, a mad student who explains his ideology whenever not restrained, and a miscellaneous collection of correspondents whose function it is to give us the inside story of inside stories. Moreover, there are moments when the extravaganza is illuminated by bits of satiric dialogue which cut deeper than the piece as a whole makes any pretense of doing. One of them occurs when the super-correspondent realizes that the Hearst papers are the only refuge left for an old timer like himself, now that "people are no longer interested in *news*; they want to know what is happening." Another is when the student launches into a harangue which begins promisingly with the declaration that "Stalinism is not bolshevism; bolshevism is not communism; and communism is not Marxism"—a thesis which makes everything very plain indeed.

In a word, "Clear All Wires," being admirably performed and skilfully staged, is very good entertainment without being by any means a contribution to that American Drama about which I and others like sometimes to talk. And now that I have got around to this inappropriately solemn consideration of the merits of the piece, I should like to add that I view with mild alarm the increasing prominence of topical plays on our stage. Gradually, the "Front Page"–"Wild Waves"–"Louder Please" sort of thing has come to be the genre most frequently cultivated on Broadway, despite the fact that such plays are almost necessarily of very ephemeral interest. Obviously the subjects are tempting to the practical playwright who may doubt his ability to interest an audience in a theme in which it is not already interested. Half his task has been performed for him if he selects a well-defined topic and writes upon one of the subjects which any Sunday editor would recognize as suitable for a feature story. But though the procedure may often constitute a short cut to popularity and an easy way to become part of the talk of the town, it is not very likely to lead to anything more important, more permanent, or more profound than the subject of such talk usually is. The best American plays of the past decade were not news until after they had been performed.

"The Man Who Reclaimed His Head" (Broadhurst Theater) is another but different sort of attempt to turn the interest in radical social ideas into theatrical entertainment. The story of a deformed genius who betrayed himself when he consented to become the brains behind an ambitious French politician takes itself very seriously and gets itself told in sixteen scenes with all the elaborate paraphernalia of a revolving stage, trick lights, mob scenes, and the like. At occasional moments it almost persuades the spectator to take the whole thing seriously, but in the end one realizes that all the elements—the deformed genius, his great passion for the child of nature who betrays him, the midnight visit to confess a murder, etc., etc.—are only the familiar elements of the romantic melodrama which comes down from the palmy days of Henry Irving, and that not much can be accomplished by tricking them out in a few tags of socialistic platitude.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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CLEAR ALL WIRES. Times Square Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Plymouth Theater. Resumed run of Elmer Rice's racy account of a self-made lawyer.

HERE TODAY. Ethel Barrymore Theater. What happens when the Algonquin aristocracy meets that of Back Bay. Amusing comedy of wisecracks with Ruth Gordon.

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THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE. Cohan Theater. A tuneful operetta held over from last season.

THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD. Broadhurst Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

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Films

"Strange Interlude"

EUGENE O'NEILL is a tremendously earnest writer. He delves into the mysteries of human life and conduct with a passion and fearlessness that give his work a sort of incandescence. The very intensity of his feeling invests his plays with a monumental quality that is but rarely present in the work of other American playwrights. Yet underneath this impressive weightiness, which seems to be so solid and four-square, there is nearly always something that betrays an inner weakness. This is evident in his last play, "Mourning Becomes Electra," and to a still greater degree in his earlier "Strange Interlude." In "Mourning Becomes Electra" the fierce passions that drive its characters to destruction have the ring of reality (if one excepts perhaps the much too deliberate parade of Freudian complexes, particularly in the case of Orin). But behind this chain of seemingly inevitable calamities one can see the author himself assuming the role of inexorable fate and blocking one possible detour after another so that his characters may be forced to follow the course which he has laid out for them.

In "Strange Interlude" O'Neill confronts his characters not so much with a situation of his own making as with a psychological theory, a concept of woman's love, which at his bidding they are compelled to enact in their various destinies. Nina's love is a compound of cravings for a child, a lover, a husband, and a father, and accordingly the play develops into a series of episodes in which all these cravings are finally gratified. The play stands or falls by this concept of complementary loves. If we question its truth, "Strange Interlude" becomes merely a brilliant exercise in dramatic make-believe. Yet it is difficult not to question it. Without going into details, one may point out that the craving for a child and the sensual craving for a lover are not usually regarded as sojourning amicably in a woman's heart, one by the side of the other. Even if Weininger's classification of women into two types, mothers and prostitutes, is unquestionably far-fetched, there is the penetrating analysis of feminine psychology in D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," dealing with a situation closely resembling that of "Strange Interlude," which lends no support to O'Neill's view of the complementary nature of the erotic urge and the instinct of motherhood.

However, Nina's sexual make-up as it is seen by O'Neill is the core of the play, which alone gives it unity and meaning. In the screen version of the play, now being shown at the Astor Theater, this inner significance of Nina's relations with her four men is largely lost. The pentagon has been reduced to a triangle, with Nina's husband and her doctor lover contending for her favors, instead of Nina herself trying to hold all her strings in a balanced relationship that is completely satisfying to herself. The story is further conventionalized by the omission of two important episodes—Nina's resort to abortion in order that her husband's offspring may not inherit the taint of his family, and her frank proposal to Darrell that he become her lover for the sole purpose of giving her and her husband a healthy child. Yet even so bowdlerized and deprived of many of its subtler points, the film version of the play is to be regarded as a notable achievement. For once Hollywood has dared to produce a picture that deals with life in terms of adult intelligence. But though the courage thus shown deserves every credit, the outgrowth of this courage, the film itself, is hardly a feather in the producers' cap. It conforms faithfully to its Hollywood type of an uninspired crossbreed of the stage and the screen; and it is badly miscast in its two principal parts. Neither the beautiful but cold Norma Shearer nor the uncouth Clark Gable are the actors for the parts of Nina and Darrell.

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